

The Sketch



No. 654.—VOL. LI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1905.

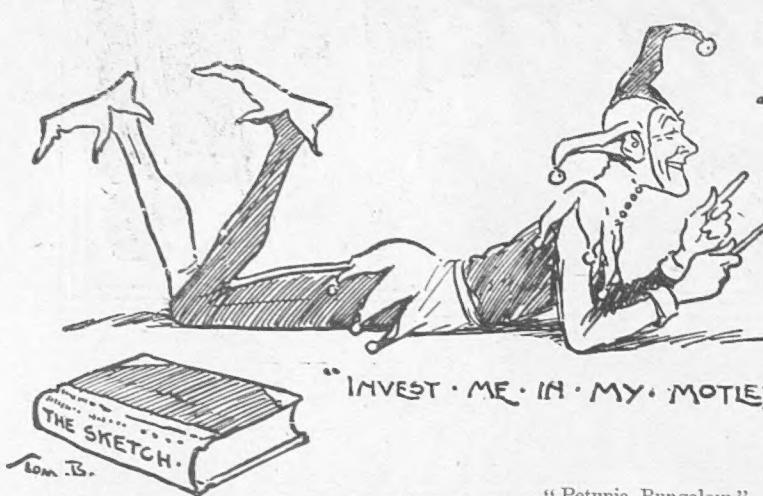
SIXPENCE.



MRS. MOUILLOT AS MRS. BARRINGTON IN "WHAT THE BUTLER SAW,"

THE FARICAL PROBLEM BY EDWARD A. PARRY AND FREDERICK MOUILLOT, AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"Petunia Bungalow."

I AM not an anti-motorist. On the contrary, if I could afford to run a motor I would buy one to-morrow. Motoring is as exhilarating as champagne, and the after-effects are far more pleasant. In short, I am passionately fond of motoring. In the meantime, I am a cyclist, and when I am not in a motor I hate the sound of motors and detest the sight of them. Why? Simply because of the dust they leave behind them. For the most part, they are carefully and considerately driven, but the dust nuisance is so real that I am quite in sympathy with the gentleman who lay down in front of a car, refused to move, and then attempted to cut the tyres with a knife. If that man had been killed, I should certainly have subscribed a shilling towards the marble statue that would have been erected to his memory by the millions of anti-motorists all over the kingdom. I say, deliberately, millions. I believe that the detestation of the motor among the poorer classes is so sincere that another dry, dusty summer will bring about a bloodthirsty revolution. Even now, you may meet men on any high-road in the kingdom with murder (as well as dust) in their eyes. Let the Automobile Club take warning; let the Trade take warning; let the motorists, the New Aristocracy, take warning. If I did not sympathise with them so cordially, I would not take the trouble to warn them. I am not, you see, a fanatic. I am a pro-motorist who, from a safe tree-top, is able to see both sides.

England, to-day, belongs to the motorists. Let me give you an illustration. This morning, as ever was, I laboriously dragged a very heavy and particularly comfortable chair into the garden. I placed it in the shade of a stately elm, and returned to the bungalow for cushions, a pipe, tobacco, matches, a novel, a long drink with ice in it, and a low chair to support my feet. By the time all these arrangements had been completed, I was, as you may imagine, exhausted. With a sigh of pleasure, therefore, I sank into the long chair, filled my pipe, lit it, took a sip of my drink, put my feet up on the low chair, opened my novel, and sank into a gentle doze. Suddenly—I suppose I had been sleeping some three minutes—I was awoken by a hideous hooting. A motor-car was rushing down the lane that runs past "Petunia Bungalow." Like a flash, it came and went. And then, through the leaves of the stately elm and the foliage of the fragrant hedge, floated a cloud of dust that turned everything within sight a sickly, nauseous brown. It got into my eyes, it covered my book, it turned my cool drink to liquid mud. With an expression that would have been unpardonable under any other circumstances, I dragged myself out of the long chair, staggered into the bungalow, closed all the windows, undressed, and plunged into the bath. Yes, England has been taken over by the motorist, and woe be to the man who cannot afford either to motor or to live on a desert island.

I wonder whether Mr. Balfour realises the important part that the anti-motor feeling will play in the next General Election. Indeed, it is the anti-motor feeling that is rapidly bringing things political to a crisis. The one redress that the unfortunate poorer classes seem to have is to turn out the Conservatives and put in the Radicals. Actually, of course, that won't settle the dust, but it will be some slight relief to the embittered cyclist or pedestrian to exercise his franchise. If Mr. Balfour would take the trouble to shave off his moustache, and, thus disguised, come for a few walks with me round about "Petunia Bungalow," he would discover a thing or two that might make him reflect. Hitherto, the rich have just been rich, and there it ended. Now, with their new and delightful toy, they make the poor man's life a burden to him. His wife, too, is becoming soured, for she dare not let her children play in the roadway of an evening. Many a smack does the cottage-child owe, indirectly, to the motorist. I implore

Mr. Balfour to beware. The broth of Revolution is seething in the pot. Look! The lid, even now, begins to bobble.

This afternoon, in pursuit of further knowledge, I turned into a wayside hostelry. One man only sat in the bar-parlour of the hostelry, and he, for some reason or another, came from Lincoln. Why he had left Lincoln to come to this part of the world I could not discover. Yet, after all, that was of small importance. The really important thing about this solitary man was the fact that he wanted to see a drastic change in the prevailing conditions of the country. Before my arrival, apparently, he had been talking to himself about it, for our conversation started in the middle of a sentence.

"——while the other 'alf is starvin,'" he murmured.

I begged his pardon. The solitary man, rolling his eyes in my direction without taking the trouble to turn his head, said he supposed he might as well have another one as not.

"You were saying——?" I suggested, setting the mug in the place where it seemed least likely to be knocked over.

He roused himself with an effort. "I was saying, guvnor, as it's a shame that one 'alf o' the country should be livin' in the lap o' luxury while the other 'alf is starvin'. That's wot I was a-sayin', an' I'd like ter see the man as can deny it."

Assuring him, hastily, that I was not that man, I invited the fellow to discourse more freely on the subject.

"Wot I mean," he began, spilling a good deal of beer over his trousers in the endeavour to see whether it was clear, "is this here. Take Chamberlain, now. Chamberlain's got as much money as he wants ter live on. Is that right, or is it not?"

"Quite right, I believe."

"Very well. Now, I come from Lincoln. Maybe you've never been in Lincoln?"

I shook my head, at the same time raising my eyebrows in the hope of indicating that the loss was mine.

"Ah," he continued, "I thought as much. Now, you may believe it or you may not, but there's more clever men in Lincoln than you could find in any town in England, includin' London. Do you know how many millionaires we've got in Lincoln?"

"Six," I suggested.

"Six!" He laughed scornfully, and spilt a little more beer. "Six? We 'ave in Lincoln, sir, twenty millionaires, no more an' no less."

"Splendid!" I cried.

"Very well, then." He swallowed the dregs of the beer, and I presumed that he was about to point the argument. "Chamberlain comes from Birm—from Birming—from Brum. That's right, ain't it?"

"Splendid!" I repeated.

At this juncture, however, to my intense disappointment, he relapsed into a moody silence. In vain I coughed; in vain I drew suggestive music from the beer-mug with the bowl of my pipe. The solitary man slumbered.

Just as I was leaving the hostelry, the landlord, a grizzled fellow, put his head round a corner and growled, "Eightpence." I pocketed my change, and asked him, more in the way of civility than because I wanted to know, whether he was in favour of tariff reform. The landlord stared, thrust his hands into his pockets, spat, looked at the sleeper, and then replied, slowly and heavily—

"What's tariff reform?"

"Don't you know?" I said, rather startled.

"No," growled the landlord, "and, what's more, I ain't come across anyone yet as does."

Of a truth, my friends, the lid of the pot bubbles.

GROUSE-SHOOTING BEGINS



SOME ANTICIPATIONS OF THE TWELFTH BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

French Courtesy—British Coldness—What Each Nation Can Teach the Other—Kissing.

A VERY distinguished French writer has been lecturing us on our manners. He says that we are so cold that we freeze a Frenchman who is willing to be on good terms with us, and that we neglect all the petty courtesies of life. No doubt, both accusations are true; but for both there are excuses. The travelling Englishman has always before his eyes that legend so boldly displayed at all our railway-stations, "Beware of Pickpockets," and he is never sure that a Frenchman who offers him some little courtesy in the train is not a confidence-trick man.

A Frenchman in train or restaurant accepts a little courtesy, bows, says a word of thanks, and takes no further notice of the man who has been polite, except to take off his hat to him when one or the other leaves the room or the train. An Englishman does not do that. Either he refuses the courtesy, or else, accepting it, he enters into conversation, and if the other man is a confidence-trick expert he gives him his opening. The Englishman's danger is that really he is not cold, and it is this knowledge which keeps him on the defensive amongst strangers.

We do neglect the little courtesies of life towards our neighbours, and this is a matter in which a closer knowledge of Continental life might do us good. To raise one's hat is a very small matter, but to do it often enough makes life run on oiled wheels. An Englishman raises his hat when he is first introduced to another man, when he recognises a lady, or when he meets a man he knows walking with a lady. A Frenchman raises his hat when he meets or parts from any acquaintance of either sex. This salutation is a very small matter, but if it is omitted any foreigner thinks that the man who has not bowed is *gauche* and ill-mannered.

It is a habit all Englishmen get into if they live abroad for any length of time, and I certainly think that the salutation by raising the hat might well be introduced into England, or rather, be re-introduced, for up to the end of the Stewart days it was an English custom. I fancy the boorish Dutch who came over with William, and whose manners were worse than those of the British, put a stop to this little courtesy. A Frenchman coming into a restaurant, or

a waiting-room, or a carriage, where there is a lady, always raises his hat. This is an impersonal compliment to the softer sex. It is a pretty custom, it is expected, and the neglect of it by Englishmen who do not know French etiquette always seems brusque and ill-mannered.

There are a hundred other little matters in which we English unknowingly offend; but there is another side to the ledger, and the French may well learn something from us in their turn. A Frenchman who gets out of a railway-carriage and who has lowered the window to reach the handle would never think of raising

the window again or of shutting the door. A Frenchman is selfish as to a seat when he has once secured one, and never dreams of offering to surrender it to a lady; and he fills up the racks with his baggage and objects strongly to make room for that of a new-comer.

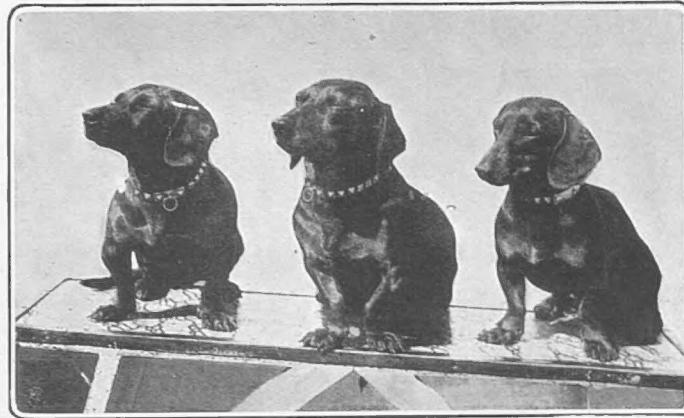
Kissing between men, which an Englishman with French friends or relations always used to dread, is, I think, to a great extent giving place in France to the hand-shake. The Latin nations are more emotional than we are, and on occasions of great joy or great sorrow it is natural to the men of the race to embrace; but

it is now quite understood all France over that it is not a British custom, and amongst Frenchmen themselves the shake of the hand suffices on all ordinary occasions. It was not so thirty years ago, and I can well remember my father's dread of going to a little Hampshire railway-station on a branch-line to receive French relations when they came over, foreseeing that he would inevitably be embraced and kissed on both cheeks, with the station-master, the porters, and a small audience of farmers looking on.

I have been embraced on New Year's morn at a Covent Garden ball by a French *Chef d'Orchestre* who had reason

to be grateful to me, but I am glad to say the incident passed quite unnoticed; and at various times, as a boy, going down into out-of-the-way parts of France to see my relations, I was received with the warmth becoming to cousinship and a bristly cheek pressed alternately on each of mine; but I could go through the whole length and breadth of France now and no friend or relation would dream of doing aught but shake me by the hand.

We are Anglising France in many ways, and I think we might return the compliment by adopting some of the little courtesies which the French would willingly teach us.



PETS OF THE WAR-GOD: THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE DACHSHUNDS.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HIS LEAST KAISER-LIKE MOOD: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WATCHING HIS FAVOURITE DOGS PLAYING WITH CRABS—THEIR PET AVERSATION—ON THE ROYAL YACHT.

It would seem that, judging by this photograph, even the Kaiser has moments in his life that are not strenuous. Directing the world is, after all, a wearisome and a somewhat thankless task, even though it be varied by the comparatively lighter labours necessitated by play-writing and directing, painting, editing, reviewing troops, and conducting rehearsals, and there is little wonder that at times His Imperial Majesty seeks to rid himself of the cares of State. As a sportsman, he varies the delights of motoring and shooting with those of yachting, and he has even designed a yacht. Again, on this yacht he seeks further variety of occupation by steering the vessel himself, and by watching his favourite dogs at play.

THE PRODUCTION OF M. RICHEPIN'S "DERCÉTO, REINE DE TYR,"
AT THE THÉÂTRE DE LA NATURE, CAUTERETS.



MLLE. MAUD AMY AS MYLITTA.

The Théâtre de la Nature at Cauterets, the fashionable watering-place for throat-treatment, was the scene on Sunday, July 30, of the production of M. Richepin's four-Act drama in verse, "Dercéto, Reine de Tyr." The piece was given under the personal direction of the author, who spent nearly a fortnight in adapting it to the open-air stage. M. Richepin's wife, Madame Cora Laparcerie-Richepin, played the title rôle, and will be seen in the same part next year in America and England. Mlle. Maud Amy, whose photograph we give, is a well-known actress from the Ambigu, Paris.

Photograph by Messy, Nice, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Henry T. H. Hewetson.

AUG. 9, 1905

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Dublin, 1905. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty (from April 19 to July 12, 1905) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

FRENCH FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH, AUGUST 7th to 13th.

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London Bridge	10.25	11.35	...	1.50	3.55	4.0	4.55	5.0	5.50	6.40
Portsmouth	12.55	1.36	2.16	3.47	4.22	5.53	6.39	7.45	8.24	9.08
Ryde	1.50	2.20	3.5	4.30	5.15	6.35	7.45	8.40	9.24	9.13
Sandown	2.52	3.38	4.57	5.50	7.3	8.30	8.30	9.25	9.25	9.25
Shanklin	2.58	3.30	5.4	6.15	7.8	8.30	8.30	9.10	9.20	9.20
Ventnor	3.10	3.38	5.15	6.15	7.20	8.40	8.40	9.10	9.20	9.20
Cowes	3.18	3.35	5.50	6.15	7.32	8.40	8.40	9.10	9.20	9.20
Newport	2.55	4.7	6.15	7.0	7.32	8.40	8.40	9.10	9.20	9.20
Freshwater	3.35	5.10	7.0	7.0	9.30	9.30	9.30	9.30	9.30	9.30

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THE
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AUGUST 12.

THE MOTOR-BOAT ELIMINATING TRIALS.

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THE OPENING FESTIVITIES.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

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"CUPID": MASTER EDWARD STONOR, SON OF THE HON. MR. AND MRS. EDWARD STONOR.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.

able Royal dinner-party. Etiquette in the strict sense of the term is rather in abeyance during Cowes Week, but, of course, those whose men-folk do not belong to the "R. Y. S." are rather out of it, for admission to the Squadron Lawn is very strictly limited.

An "R. Y. S." Function. The King and the Prince of Wales always make a point of attending the annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which takes place at the Castle,

West Cowes, early in the Regatta Week. Lord Ormonde, as Commodore, is in the chair, and the function is one of the most brilliant and cheery ungraced by the presence of the fair sex. During this week also the general meeting of the "R. Y. S." takes place, and new members are elected or black-balled by ballot. It is said that election to the "R. Y. S." is the one thing which money pure and simple cannot purchase, and it is a fact that many millionaires are still waiting at the gate, while certain modest but well-born yachtsmen are made eagerly welcome. Small wonder that the garden of the Castle has been nicknamed "The seat of the scornful"! Members are only given two tickets each, and to be a constant visitor argues a woman to be exceptionally popular.

Rumoured Royal Engagements. It is whispered that two Royal engagements of the highest interest to English Society will shortly be announced. The marriage of pretty Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha to a German reigning Sovereign would be in every way admirably suitable, and quite in accordance with the position of her family. Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg will, it is believed, find a bridegroom nearer home. The most important Royal marriage this autumn seems likely to be that of Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg, which, it is now announced, will be celebrated on Oct. 18. The wedding, much to the disappointment of the good folk of Coburg, will take place at the bride's home—that is, at Glücksburg—and not, as has hitherto been usual when the bridegroom is a reigning Sovereign, in the capital of his State.

Some August Engagements. The engagement of an elder son is always a matter of interest to a good many people. The betrothal of Mr. Arthur Lyulph Stanley to Miss Evans Gordon has just been announced. Mr. Stanley, who is just thirty, is a barrister, and is credited with all the Stanley cleverness. Through his mother he is a grandson of the late Sir Lowthian Bell. Yet another new engagement is that of Captain Leslie Hamilton, of the Coldstream Guards, to the eldest daughter of the former commander of the regiment, Colonel Horace Ricardo. Captain Hamilton is brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Hamilton of Dalzell. Literary people are interested in the betrothal of Miss Muriel Beresford Hope and Mr. Evelyn Murray, the only son of Sir George

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Victoria and Albert will be the scene of some brilliant gatherings this week, for their Majesties make a point of inviting all those among their friends who own yachts or who belong to the Royal Yacht Squadron to informal luncheons and to tea on the Royal Yacht. They also honour many of the Cowes hostesses with their presence at dinner, and last year the Duchess of Manchester, who had Egypt House, one of the most famous of yachting mansions, gave a memorable

and Lady Murray. Beresford Hope, unless we are much mistaken, was owner of the *Catholic Review* in its palmiest days, and, as such, wielded a great deal of power in the Victorian literary world.

"Cupid." Master Edward Stonor is one of the most fortunate of twentieth-century children, if Royal favour can be said to count for much. He is a nephew of the Marquise d'Hautpoul, Queen Alexandra's favourite younger friend and, it might almost be said, adopted daughter. His father, Mr. Edward Stonor, has been known to their Majesties from childhood, and his uncle is one of the King's Equerries. Master Stonor has inherited his beauty from his lovely mother, who was, before her second marriage, Mrs. Ralli. The little boy is always prominent at Queen Alexandra's children's parties, and he made an enchanting appearance at the last fashionable gathering of small Mayfair beaux and belles.

Lady Violet Brassey.

Lady Violet Brassey takes a somewhat prominent place among racing hostesses, for she is the daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, as well as the wife of a sportsman. Last year, Mr. Brassey purchased Apethorpe from Lord Westmorland, and now his wife is mistress of one of the most beautiful historic houses in the kingdom. Lady Violet, whose mother was the Duke of Richmond's first wife, spent much of her childhood in Sussex and in Scotland. She generally spends the Goodwood Week as her father's guest. Her eldest little son is nine years old, and she has a baby who was born only last February.



A DAUGHTER OF THE KING'S HOST AT GOODWOOD: LADY VIOLET BRASSEY AND HER SONS, GERARD CHARLES (ON THE LEFT) AND CECIL HENRY.

Photograph by Leonard Willoughby.

A Viscount and his Sister.

Glenworth, who is ten years old, and is a year younger than her brother.



LORD AND LADY LIMERICK'S ONLY SON:
VISCOUNT GLENWORTH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

shadowed everyone else on his own side, and has been almost a Government by himself. Troubles and anxieties have left a very visible mark on his face and figure. He has aged greatly during the year, and looks as old as Mr. Chamberlain. Perhaps he will cast off some of the marks of age when he returns to his beloved golf-links.

Liberal Figures. On the Liberal side Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has strengthened his hold. No colleague challenges his leadership. Some of the younger men may consider that he is slow, but the Party as a whole is loyal to him, and he speaks with increasing authority. Mr. Asquith has not been very active during the Session, and Sir Edward Grey has been irregular in attendance. The Radicals have had a good opportunity, which some of them turned to account, and Mr. Churchill has made himself quite at home among them.

Lord Robertson. Everyone in Parliament has been talking of Lord Robertson, who, from a Tory point of view, made so strong an attack on Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Robertson, when in the House of Commons as a Scottish Law Officer, took a brilliant part in debate, and it was believed that if he aspired to a purely political office he might rise high in the Government. In 1891, however, he became President of the Court of Session, and eight years later he accepted a Lordship of Appeal. Although a Law Lord, he breaks out sometimes in political controversies, and he is always interesting and eloquent. Long and distinguished as his career has been, Lord Robertson is only sixty, and he looks younger.

An Irish Beauty. Lady Milbanke, who is one of the prettiest women in Military Society, was known, before her marriage to the Baronet "V.C." whose name she now bears, as the lovely Miss Crichton, only daughter of Colonel Charles Frederick Crichton, Lord Erne's brother. Her marriage was one of the smartest functions of the year 1900, and very soon after the young couple went out to South Africa, where Sir John Milbanke had an important appointment.

Lord and Lady Limerick—the latter one of the most beautiful of twentieth-century Peeresses—have but one son and one daughter, Viscount Lady Victoria Mary Pery, who is a year younger than her brother. The little Viscount is very popular in county Limerick, the more so that he inherits his parents' love of sport, and is already a keen rider to hounds, living well up to the motto of his family, "By courage, not by craft." Lady Victoria is to be brought up in Ireland, for her parents are very patriotic, and have never taken their place among the many absentee landlords with whom Erin has had a word or two to say in the past. Already the little girl helps her mother in the very considerable labours connected with the Shamrock League.

A Balfour Session. The Session now closing has been a Balfour Session. No new man has appeared, and none of the old members has gained a fresh reputation. Mr. Chamberlain has taken little part in the work of the House, but has promoted his own propaganda. The Prime Minister has over-

Trippers. There has just been published a very curious article in praise of trippers, the ladies and gentlemen who travel with countless olive-branches to popular seaside-resorts and devote such hours as the time at their disposal allows to beer and skittles, or failing the skittles, to beer. These ladies and gentlemen, whose right to live is gladly admitted, even if their exercise of that right is occasionally resented, are dealt with in terms of unmeasured praise. We are assured that when they reach home, having "eaten aged food and drunk warm liquors," they say "Lor' bless yer, ain't it bin a day? My word, we'll go again next year. 'Ere's luck." Some will argue that trippers have been heard to speak with more emphasis and less politeness, and the following conclusion of the enthusiastic writer will be read with some astonishment: "While our trippers can enjoy such trips England stands where she did. The great heart of the nation is very sound." And, by one of those curious coincidences one cannot hope to fathom, the article that followed in the same column was titled "Popular Rubbish."

Biographies and Biographers.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's Life of Lord Granville is certain to be one of the most amusing of autumn biographies. "Pussie" Granville—the nickname won for the dear old man by his purring, courteous manners—was one of the most delightful survivals of a past age, and a great favourite of Queen Victoria, who, in the late 'fifties, actually wished to see him become Prime Minister. Lord Granville is said to have left very copious diaries; he was on intimate terms with all the most noted men and women of his day, and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is reported to have dealt rather with the social than the political side of his life. Some disappointment is felt that Lord Esher and Mr. Benson will not publish their selection of Queen Victoria's early letters as soon as it was hoped. Meanwhile, it is rumoured that a Royal personage who has had much experience of literary work much desires to undertake the official Life of the late Sovereign.

Dr. George Macdonald.

Writing of biographies, the news—referred

to in "The Literary Lounger"—that a biography and appreciation of Dr. George Macdonald is among the books promised for the coming season reminds us of a visit paid to the distinguished poet, preacher, and novelist, some few years ago, at the Casa Correggio, in Bordighera. His health was not robust at the time—he is now in his eighty-first year—and he was tended with most loving anxiety by his wife. A striking figure, with singularly refined and intellectual face and pure white hair, Dr. Macdonald would have attracted notice anywhere. His wife was deeply concerned about his health, and he could not see many people. Very shortly afterwards, Dr. Macdonald recovered, and his devoted wife died. It is a curious and noteworthy fact that Dr. Macdonald's work has never passed out of popularity, though his first book was written fifty years ago, when the demands made upon authors were not nearly so serious as they are to-day.



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH BEAUTY: LADY MILBANKE AND HER LITTLE SON.

Photograph by Speaight.



LORD AND LADY LIMERICK'S ONLY DAUGHTER.
LADY VICTORIA MARY PERY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Glorious Twelfth. The fact that the Twelfth falls on a Saturday will give the birds a short respite, for many sportsmen will not start out till the fourteenth. Last year the thirteenth was a pouring wet day, but, on the whole, Scotland enjoyed the best of good weather during the August of 1904, and the fact that the weather-prophets are prophesying rain must strike terror to many a stalwart shot who shoots, as he does everything else, because it makes him appear smart, or, as the French more prettily put it, *dans le mouvement*.

Some Leading Yachting Hostesses. If Royalty be excepted, the most important of yachting hostesses is the Marchioness of Ormonde, who is wife to the popular Commodore of the "R.Y.S." Lady Ormonde and both her daughters are devoted to the sea, their yacht, the *Mirage*, being a thoroughly workmanlike boat, anything but a floating palace. Lady Constance Butler, Lord Ormonde's unmarried daughter, is a capable yachts-woman, and can sail a small boat as well as any enthusiast.

Lady Londonderry is another leading Cowes hostess. She is fond of yachting at all times of the year, and was, it will be remembered, on board the *Shamrock* when His Majesty was so nearly seriously injured by the falling of a mast soon after the Accession. The Duchess of Leeds is hostess of the *Corisande*; the Duke is Vice-Commodore of the "R.Y.S.", and, as such, his flag receives a salute of nine guns from the Club battery. Another popular yachts-woman, who rarely misses Cowes Week if she can help it, is Lady Sarah Wilson.

Another Group of Fair Yachtswomen. Yet another group of fair yachtswomen is composed of partly cosmopolitan elements—such, for instance, as the smart-looking Baroness de Baretto. Baroness Eckhardstein, English by birth, German by marriage, is also

A CHINESE OFFICER—NEW STYLE.
Photograph by Dr. Fraser.

a keen yachtswoman, and her little daughter shares her delight in the water. Mrs. Hamilton Fletcher entertains her friends in the most hospitable fashion on board her husband's fine yacht *Joyeuse*, and among Isle of Wight hostesses Lady Ellis delights in welcoming her yachting friends to her beautiful house. This year Cowes will be especially brilliant, owing to the many Royal personages who are gathered either on or near the Solent. Their Majesties set a good example by always living aboard the Royal Yacht, and all those yachting hostesses fortunate enough to have comfortable accommodation on board do the like. It is said that this is to be a white-serge year, but this, of course, depends greatly on what sort of weather Cowes enjoys during this, the Regatta Week.

"BABY" BARONETS: "INFANTS" ENTITLED TO THE BADGE OF ULSTER.

THREE are at the present time quite a number of Baronets who are still, in the eyes of the law, "infants," but who enjoy all the other privileges of their rank. As comparisons are proverbially odious, and as each "baby Bart." is entitled to the same honour, it seems best to deal with them according to alphabetical precedence.

Sir George William Abercromby is the eighth holder of his title. He is descended from one of Charles the First's Baronets, who seems to have become in due course a sturdy Cromwellian, a man after Thomas Carlyle's own heart, for he was described as a "main Covenanter." The young man, who succeeded his father, a popular and highly respected Scottish laird, when he was only nine years old, is step-son to Lord Baring. He will cease to be an "infant" in two years.

Of much the same age as Sir George Abercromby is Sir Everard Philip Digby Pauncefort-Duncombe, and he also succeeded his father when nine years old. He has a very pretty place in Bucks, Brickhill Manor, near Bletchley.

Sir Edward Oswald Every comes of soldier stock. His own father was the late Captain Every, and the present Baronet succeeded his grandfather, at the age of eight, some eleven years ago. He is one of the older creations, for he is the eleventh holder of the title. His heir is his uncle, now Bishop of the Falkland Islands.

Sir John Edward Fowler owes his Baronetage to the Forth Bridge, in the construction of which his father was the moving spirit. Sir John comes of age next year. He succeeded his father six years ago, when an Eton boy. He is now a soldier and looking forward to the time when he will be able to see active service. His only brother is his heir.

Very peculiar interest attaches to the Baronetage of Sir Coleridge Arthur FitzRoy Kennard, for, owing to the fact that his grandfather, at

is tenth Baronet of his line; the other, Sir William Lorenzo Parker, is now fourteen, and has held his title three years. This young Baronet is descended from a noted Victorian hero who was in his day Senior Admiral of the Fleet. Sir Thomas Parker commanded the *Phœbus* during the war between Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel. At the time of Queen Victoria's accession he was a Lord of the Admiralty, and he was sent out as Commander-in-Chief during the disastrous Chinese War of 1841-42.

Sir Wilfrid Peek, who comes of age this October, is the eldest of those young Baronets who are still legally infants. He is, through his mother, a nephew of Mr. Arthur Brodrick, and the latter has always taken a deep interest in him. The first Baronet was M.P. for Mid-Surrey.

Sir Jacob Preston was ten years old when he succeeded his father, eight years ago. The family name was Hulton, but, by a marriage contracted by the father of the first Baronet to the heiress of the Prestons of Beeston St. Lawrence, they assumed the name of Preston and became a great Norfolk family. Beeston is a very remarkable place near Norwich; it has been in the Preston family for hundreds of years, and Jacob Preston was one of four gentlemen who attended Charles I. during his imprisonment.

Sir Richard Vincent Sutton was actually born a Baronet, for his birth took place after his father the late Sir Richard Francis Sutton's death. He is thirteen, and is the owner of Benham Park, Newbury. Sir Richard is descended from an eighteenth-century politician.

Sir Robert James Milo Walker is now fifteen, and he has been a Baronet five years. He is the fortunate owner of Sand Hutton, a beautiful place near York. His heir is the elder of his three brothers, who is a year younger than himself.

Sir William George Eden Wiseman comes from one of the oldest families in the Baronetage, for he is descended from that William



SIR EDWARD OSWALD EVERY, ELEVENTH BARONET.
(BORN JANUARY 14, 1886; SUCCEEDED HIS GRANDFATHER IN 1893.)
Photograph by Hills and Saunders.



SIR WILLIAM GEORGE EDEN WISEMAN, TENTH BARONET.
(BORN FEBRUARY 1, 1885; SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER IN 1893.)
Photograph by W. Salmon.

one time the well-known Member for Salisbury, died before his patent was gazetted, the dignity was conferred on his grandson, and Sir Coleridge became a Baronet at the age of six, being the first of his line.

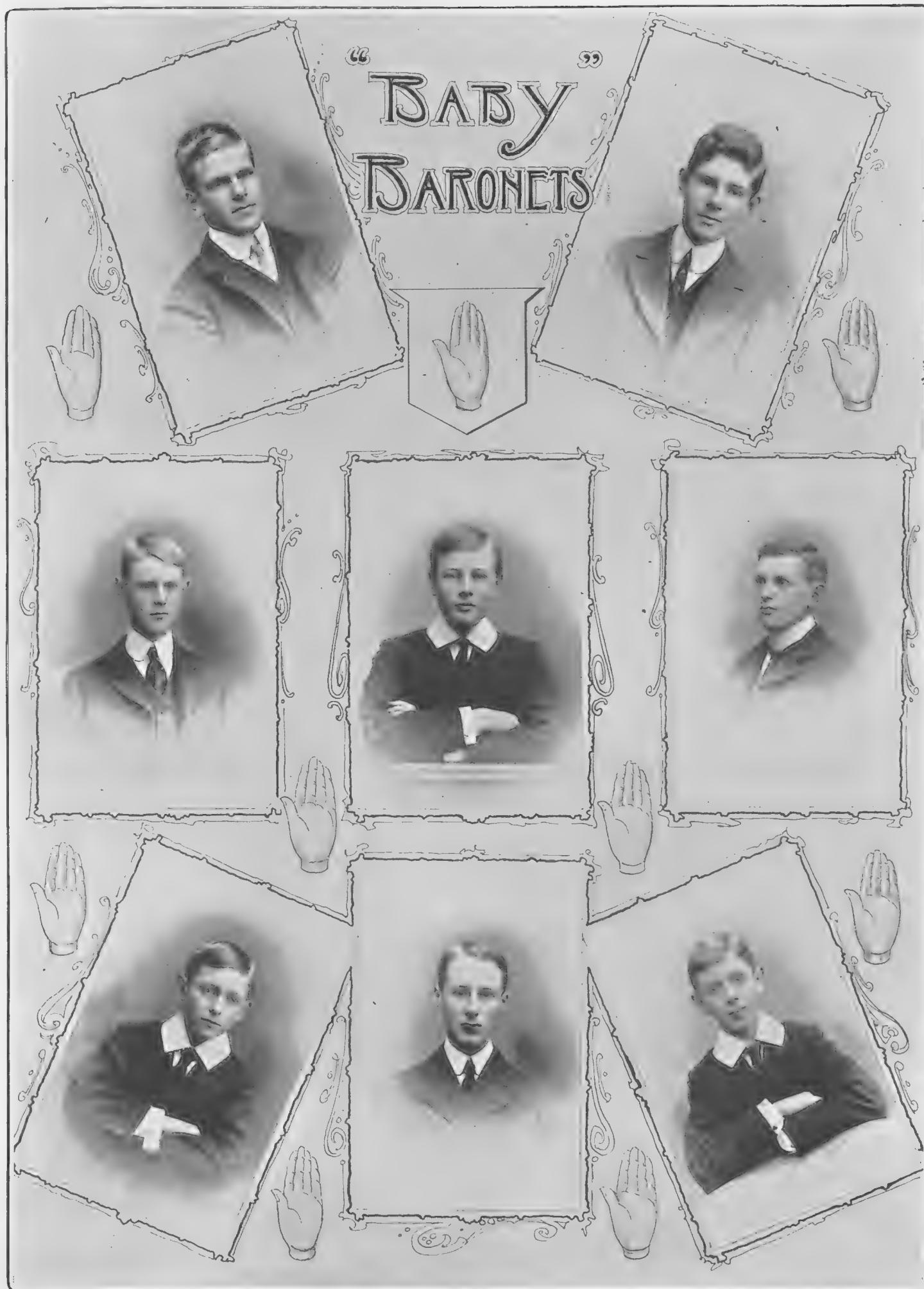
There are at the present moment two Baronets rejoicing in the name of Parker. The one is the well-known Suffolk clergyman, and



SIR JOHN EDWARD FOWLER, THIRD BARONET.
(BORN APRIL 21, 1885; SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER IN 1899.)
Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

Wiseman who was made Sheriff of Elgin by Edward I. when that Sovereign issued the order for the better government of Scotland. The family were also Essex worthies under Edward VI. Sir William will come of age next year; he succeeded his father, who was a naval officer, twelve years ago, and has himself taken up the profession of arms.

"INFANTS" ENTITLED TO THE BADGE OF ULSTER.



SIR WILLIAM LORENZO PARKER, THIRD BARONET.
(Born January 9, 1889; succeeded his father in 1902.)

SIR JACOB PRESTON, FOURTH BARONET.
(Born May 6, 1887; succeeded his father in 1897.)

SIR GEORGE WILLIAM ABERCROMBY, EIGHTH BARONET.
(Born March 18, 1886; succeeded his father in 1895.)

SIR RICHARD VINCENT SUTTON, SIXTH BARONET.
(Born April 26, 1891; succeeded his father at his birth.)

SIR WILFRID PEEK, THIRD BARONET.
(Born October 9, 1884; succeeded his father in 1901.)

SIR ROBERT JAMES MILO WALKER,
FOURTH BARONET.
(Born March 18, 1890; succeeded his father in 1900.)

SIR EVERARD PHILIP DIGBY PAUNCEFORT-DUNCOMBE,
THIRD BARONET.
(Born December 6, 1885; succeeded his father in 1895.)

SIR COLERIDGE ARTHUR FITZROY KENNARD,
FIRST BARONET.
(Born May 12, 1885.)

Photographs by Kissack.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

EVEN people to whom the sea has no particular point of appeal must be looking to Portsmouth this week with some sort of special interest. The visit of Admiral Caillard and his merry men is one that would have been almost impossible in the friendly sense until a few years ago, and its accomplishment in this year of grace leads inevitably to considerations in which, perhaps, the wish is father to the thought. I am not sufficient historian to say when this country and her neighbour across the Channel last fought side by side upon the sea, but one cannot avoid the thought that, with Great Britain allied to France in Europe and Japan in Asia, sea-fights would be relegated to Earl's Court and kindred places of entertainment. European waters, even if they happen to go by the name of Baltic Sea, could show nothing that need give a bad quarter of an hour to French and British Admirals working to one end, and our confidence in our Far Eastern ally is shown clearly enough by the withdrawal of our men-of-war from Chinese waters in preparation for possibilities much nearer home. As a man in the train, and on behalf of many fellow-passengers, I do not hesitate to express a wish that the French sailors will have a rattling good time, and that business will come of it: business that will enable the guardians of the world's peace to cry a halt to various ship-building programmes, and notify neighbours who are willing to wound and yet afraid to strike that further additions to their Navy must be regarded in the light of an unfriendly act.

Zion and East Africa.

Even the torrid heat of the past week or two has not availed to keep the Zionists from holding their usual

Conference at Basle. It may not be necessary at this time of the day to say that the Zionists are working to recover Palestine for Jewry, and that their late leader, Dr. Herzl, gave his life to further the work in hand. Comparatively recently, the British Government offered the Zionists a very considerable tract of good land in the East African Protectorate. Even the most ardent Zionist should have admitted that such a *pied-à-terre* would have enabled the refugees to recover self-respect and practise self-government while waiting for the time when the return to Zion shall come within the sphere of practical politics. But no; the enthusiastic Zionists will have Zion or nothing, and so they have dismissed the offer of His Majesty's Government with the thanks the occasion demands, and they are left waiting for Palestine. One hopes that in days to come, when the most sanguine of these worthy people has been gathered to Abraham's bosom, the children of this present generation will have learned better than to refuse a good offer. With some knowledge of the country, I am compelled to believe that the Jews who do manage to live in Palestine have rather a bad time there. Uganda, with its fine climate, immense resources, security for life and

property, and reasonable accessibility, afforded an opportunity for the solution of the great Jewish question that should never have been passed by. The enthusiasts who have deliberately missed their chance carry a heavier load of responsibility than they seem to be aware of.

A Note of Italy. Italy is offering a special form of excitement to the many visitors who flock to her shores just now. As I have said in this place on more than one occasion, I think that the abominably mismanaged railway system offers quite

sufficient excitement to the average man and woman, but that it is not enough, in these days of competition and circular tours to every spot under Heaven, is shown by a correspondent's letter from Rome. It would appear that the Eternal City is full of forged bank-notes, and, as in Italy one does most of one's business with paper money, and an unsuspecting traveller is the best of all people upon whom to palm notes of the kind called "flash," tourists are enjoying a troubled time. I have read of one member of the Fourth Estate who endeavoured to change a bank-note of face-value one hundred lire at a tobacconist's. The note

was a wrong one, the tolaconist thought that the man who offered it was equally wrong, and a summary arrest followed. When we remember how the currency varies in different countries, and how the smaller States depreciate their own currency in the most arbitrary fashion possible, it is surprising to note how very little trouble really occurs. Of course, nearly every tourist brings home some bad money, and has stories to tell of the way in which he had been fleeced, but only in Italy does it seem to be the custom to rob the visitor first and then to lock him up.

Londen Beautiful. Next year, if all goes well, London is to see quite a remarkable exhibition, entitled "Country in Town," which has for its object the removal from the Metropolis of its standing reproach of ugliness. We are to see flowers, fruit, and vegetables all grown in London or its suburbs, with special prizes for the products of congested areas, and some attempt is to be made to show how vacant town-spaces may be utilised, and how the uglier aspect of London may be hidden beneath a flowery mantle. The exhibition is, I believe, to take place under the auspices of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, and there is certainly plenty of scope for it. London as a city clings to ugliness with a

determination and a persistence that if they were devoted to a pursuit of beauty would make our city one of the most remarkable in the world. Any movement towards an improvement will excite wide interest and hearty support; and if it leads to great popular enthusiasm, and the erection at street-corners of gallows for the exclusive service of jerry-builders, it should range among the most popular and useful shows of the civilised world.



NELSON AND THE "VICTORY" IN CARPET-BEDDING: A UNIQUE METHOD OF CELEBRATING THE NELSON CENTENARY IN THE SOUTH PARK, DARLINGTON.

The carpet-bedding which is an annual feature of the terrace facing the Skerne in the South Park at Darlington takes topical form this year, and is designed to commemorate Nelson and Trafalgar. The bed on the left depicts our great naval hero encircled by his famous signal; the central design shows the "Victory"; and another bed, to the right, presents full-length figures of Nelson and Wellington shaking hands.

Photograph by S. H. Wood.



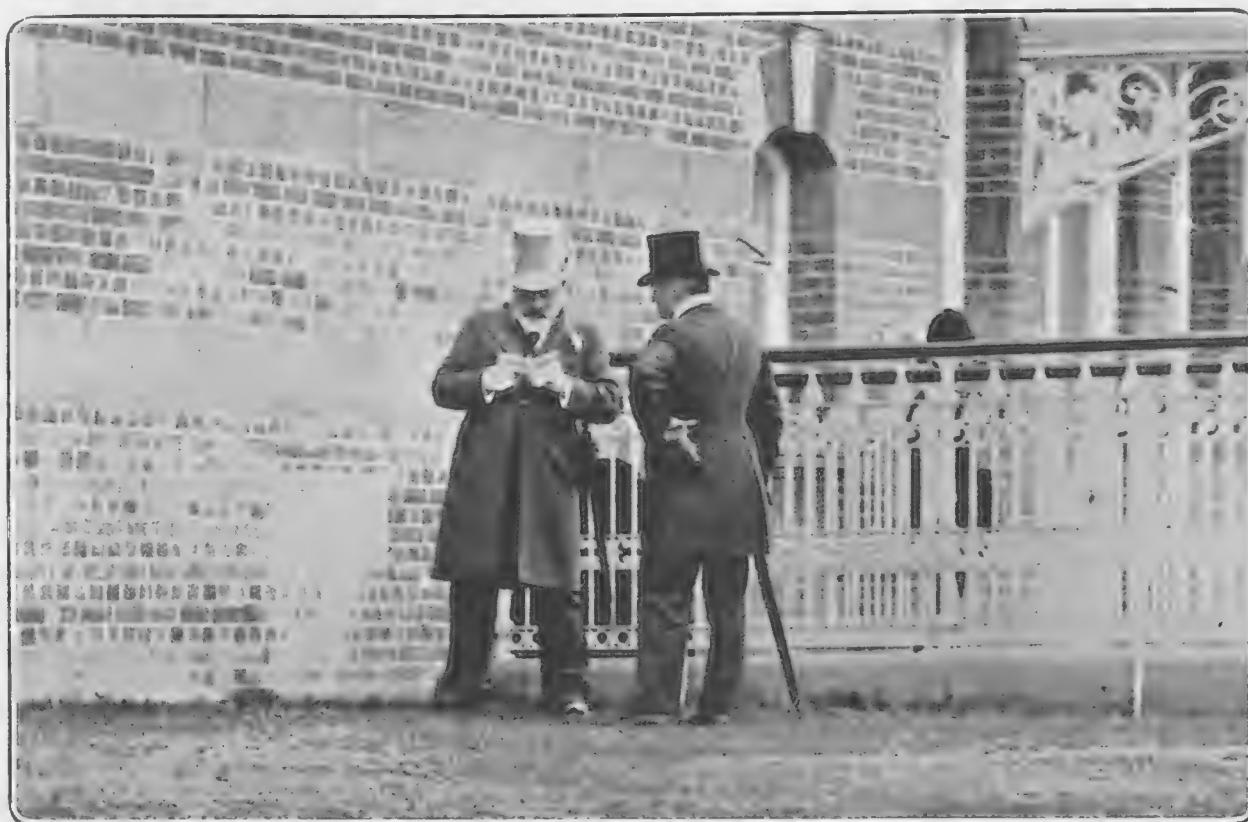
A BOOM IN BILLIARD-BALLS: A STORE OF IVORY, SOME OF WHICH FETCHED £167 PER HUNDREDWEIGHT.

Billiard-ball ivory fetched the record price of £167 per hundredweight in the sale-rooms of Messrs. Hale and Son, Fenchurch Avenue, a few days ago. The growing demand for billiard-balls is chiefly responsible for the increase in the price of ivory. Last year some of the best ivory was sold at £117 per hundredweight; at Messrs. Hale and Son's recent sale an average of £150 per hundredweight was realised for the five and a-half tons offered.

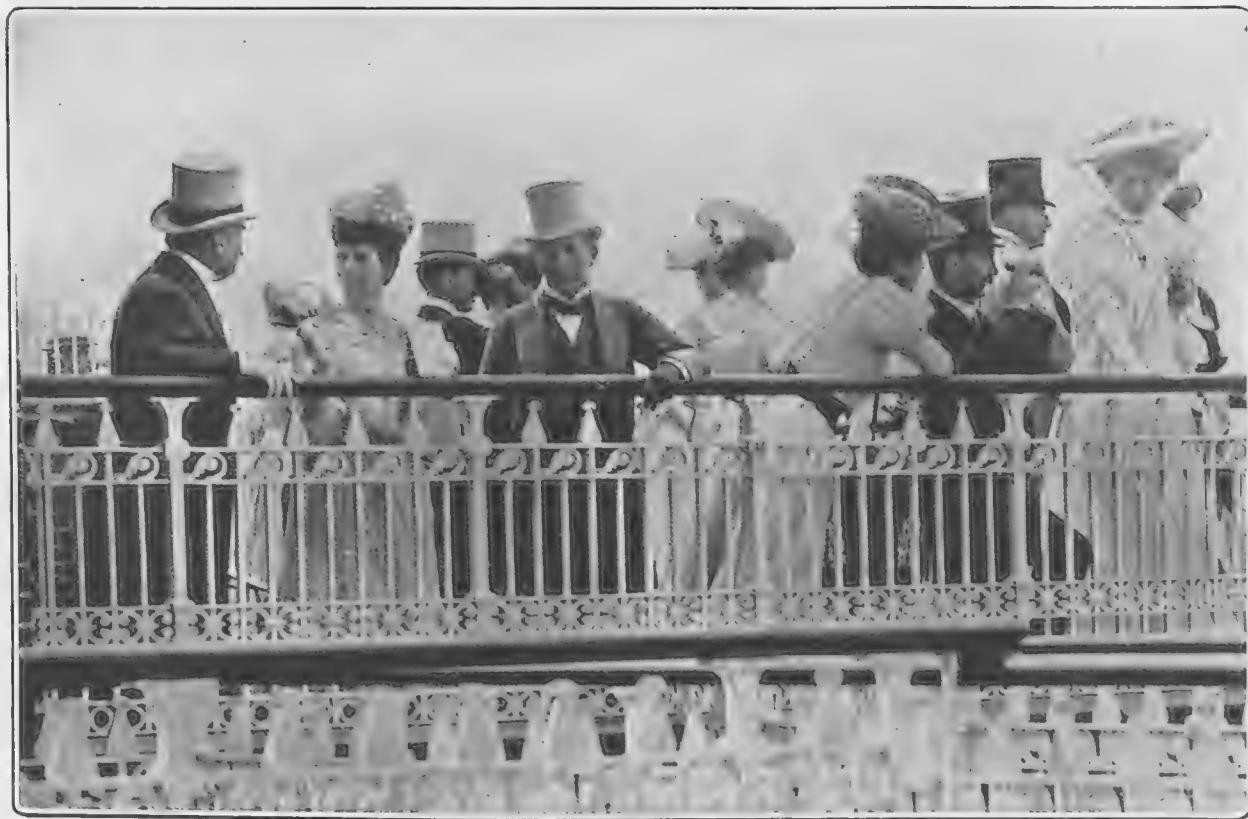
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF GOODWOOD:

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE FAMOUS RACE-MEETING LAST WEEK.



KING EDWARD AT THE SIDE OF THE ROYAL BOX TALKING TO HIS TRAINER, MR. RICHARD MARSH.



Marquis de Soveral.

Lord Cadogan.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN HER GRAND STAND.

The King and Queen were the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon for the Goodwood Meeting, and the centre of a distinguished house-party which included Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Falmouth, Lord and Lady Coventry, Lord Durham and Lady Anne Lambton, Lord and Lady March, Count Albert Mensdorff, and the Marquis de Soveral. A new Royal Stand has been erected since the last meeting, but on the first day, at all events, it was noticed that His Majesty made most use of the old box in the Members' Enclosure.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"G. B. S." AND THE PENDING THEATRE TRUST.

IT was with a feeling in the nature of stupefaction that I read some remarks by "G. B. S." on the subject of the threatened American Trust in the English theatres. "Surely the Trust ought to be welcomed by all intelligent actors, authors, and public-spirited laymen," says Mr. Shaw, and this seems to be his text. I read and re-read other parts of his article with something like bewilderment, till I came to the conclusion that I was wasting my time in searching for a joke which was not there. So "G. B. S." proclaims himself a supporter of the Trust, and, doubtless, like "Dizzy" on a famous occasion, considers himself on the side of the angels. I have heard a malicious fellow say that he has been "got at," which is grotesquely absurd, for anyone who knows the author of "Candida" will feel confident that he is as unpurchasable as the throne of Great Britain. Moreover, the Trust is far too shrewd to wish to have "G. B. S." on its side, for this fact alone is quite sufficient to cause it to be distrusted. The Trust might say that approbation from Sir Bernard is praise indeed, but the B. P. has such a terrified admiration for "G. B. S." as to be likely to regard his certificate of character for the Trust as plain evidence of its diabolical nature or as a prodigious joke. In this country, to be earnest and to be witty is to strive under a heavy handicap, for we are apt to fancy that wit only emerges when there is so little of the mind engaged upon a subject as to leave a large margin to work upon the powers of fancy. This may be foolish from a physiological point of view. Some people, at least, know that it is possible to be earnest and witty just as it is to be witty and wise; but we are also aware that the majority of Britons regard wit with distrust. Some, no doubt, will fancy that the admirable dramatist is supporting the Trust merely because all the rest of us are treating its threatened approach as a danger to be combated. It is thought that Saint G.-B.-S.-ius *contra mundum* is a favourite pose of the ex-critic who has never ceased to criticise. Yet such a view is probably unfair. Those who know him do not suspect him of being like the crank in the story who never would disclose his opinions for fear of making a convert to them and thereby losing his joy in the monopoly.

Moreover, Mr. Shaw states some grounds for his views. In his answer to Mr. Baughan, who has been writing against the Trust, he supports the invasion, which, apparently, has already begun in part, by a suggestion that it will improve the provincial playhouses, of which, according to him, "quite a common type is only a public-house in disguise, and is often something a good deal worse." If this statement be true, and if the Trust is likely to stop this state of things, then its coming will be, to some extent, advantageous. I should need a good deal of evidence, really sifted, before accepting Mr. Shaw's statement as accurate, and, if it be accurate, I should ask for very much more than Mr. Shaw's opinion before believing that we require a Trust of American Managers to amend such a disgraceful state of things. It seems to me the proper course is for him to collect real evidence on the topic and bring the matter before local Licensing Committees. Until a real effort has been made by the British to abolish this "quite a common

type of provincial theatre," we should hardly call in the Americans and the American method to assist us.

The Trust's advocate certainly puts some points of his case strongly enough. "Would Mr. Charles Frohman be less likely to pay out royalties punctually? Would the artists be of a lower class, and worse paid? Would the scenery be shabbier? Would the band be cheaper?" This sounds very well, but fallacies lurk. If a powerful Trust were to get a grip of the theatres, royalties would be paid out punctually; but they might be much lower than at present, since the Trust could fix the rate without fear of competition. Probably the artists would not be worse; yet it would be good-bye to big salaries if there were no competition for their services: perhaps this would not be an unmixed blessing. Assume that the scenery would not be shabbier; it would be better if it were in some of the London playhouses, and if, consequently, reliance for attraction were based exclusively upon plays and acting. As for the band, one can only suggest that a commercial organisation enjoying a monopoly is unlikely to spend more upon the bands than it must. My impression is that, even if they were not made cheaper, the class of music executed by them would be humbler than that which, as a rule, they make efforts to perform, efforts which, alas, in many cases are painfully unsuccessful. Of course, one knows that a powerful Trust controlling many theatres can work far more cheaply than a number of competing independent managers, and that, not being protected by a monopoly supported by law, such a combination might, for a time at least, behave very well. There would be a temporary gain—the history of all Trusts of a similar character shows this, and the history also proves that no sooner has the competition been killed than the Trust takes advantage of its position, and that the last state of that country is worse than the first. It may seem impolite to compare the Trust with seven devils, but one may recollect that seven is the mystic



MADAME DE NAVARRO (MISS MARY ANDERSON), WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER.

Miss Mary Anderson was born on July 28, 1859, and married Mr. Antonio F. de Navarro in June of 1890. Her baby daughter, who was born at Broadway, Worcestershire, on her mother's birthday, is her second child, the first, a son, having been born in 1897.

Photograph by Langfier.

minimum number of members necessary to give the protection of limited liability to a "combine"—a beautiful word, "combine"!

"G. B. S." thinks the combine would not be injurious to the artistic side of drama. Has he read Mr. Klaws' official announcement of the views of the Trust? "Art for shop's sake" seems Mr. Klaws' idea of its ideal. We should soon have keen, perhaps deadly strife, with the few "independent" theatres, and a boycott of playwrights and players who gave their services to the strenuous and, for the moment, rather healthy efforts to build up a modern British drama: we do not want a British drama à l'Américaine. Poor Mr. Shaw, our most valuable asset in the present struggle for drama, would soon, I fancy, find his "nice noo friends" of the opinion that it was unjust to themselves and inimical to their idea of drama to present his plays, showing up fiercely and finely, as they do, the absurdity of many of the conventions and ideas of the current commercial stuff which poses as dramatic art. Even for the sake of laughter we do not wish to see him and his brilliant comedies suffering a Tarpeian fate.

AN ACTRESS WHO DRIVES A

90 HORSE-POWER RACING-CAR.

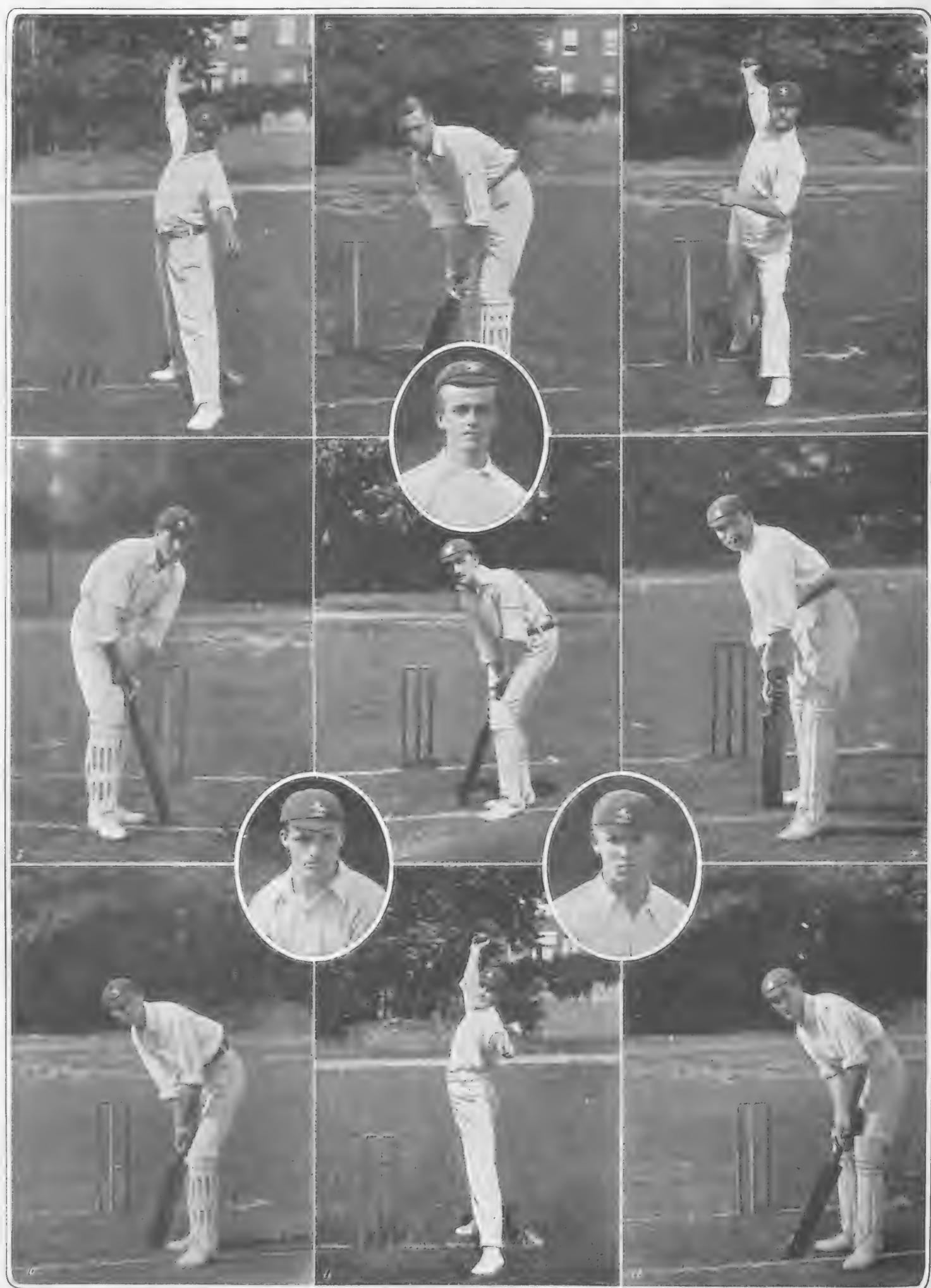


MISS CLAUDIA LASELL, WHO IS PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN
“PEGGY MACHREE”, ON TOUR.

Miss Claudia Lasell, who has just gone on tour in the leading part in “Peggy Machree,” was to have driven a 90 horse-power Mercédès at Brighton, but was prevented at the eleventh hour, owing to a mishap to the car. She is the owner of a 60 horse-power Mercédès and 20 horse-power Renault. She has been singing at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, for some time past, and after her present tour she will return to London to appear under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman in “La Petite Bohème.”

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—IX. KENT.



1. F. FIELDER. 2. J. R. MASON. 3. A. HEARNE. 4. BLYTHE. 5. E. W. DILLON. 6. C. H. B. MARSHAM (CAPTAIN). 7. HUISH.
8. SEYMOUR. 9. HUMPHREYS. 10. S. H. DAY. 11. FAIRSERVICE. 12. R. N. R. BLAKER.

A photograph of A. P. Day, who has done so much good work for Kent of late, was not available at the time of going to press.

Photographs by Foster.

COWES WEEK: SOME WELL-KNOWN YACHTING HOSTESSES.



1. MRS. HAMILTON FLETCHER.

4. LADY ELLIS.

7. THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.

2. BARONESS ECKHARDSTEIN.

5. LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.

8. LADY SARAH WILSON.

3. BARONESS DE BARETTO.

6. THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

9. THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

Photographs by Russell, Elliott and Fry, Thomson, Speaight, Kirk, and Kate Pragnell.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

WHY THE PALMS REMAINED UNSOLD.



DUCHESS D'ELITE (*who owns half the district*) : No, not to-day, thank you ! I have nowhere to put one.
DEALER : Wot abaat one in the lodgers' lounge, Mum ?

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

AMENITIES OF THE TENNIS-COURT.



SHE (*with scorn*) : Can't you do anything to develop yourself ?

HE (*weakly*) : Can't you do anything to stop your development ?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE subject of the moment is the threatened change in the administration of the railway-bookstall trade. The Great Western and the London and North-Western Railways have decided to invite tenders for the future possession of the station bookstalls, instead of renewing the agreement with the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. In one at least of those railways a strong effort is being made to enable local booksellers and newsagents to make offers. The business is divided into sections, and separate tenders are invited for each section. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have long been preparing for such an emergency, and have been quietly buying businesses all over the country. They say that their business has not been merely with passengers, but they have built up a large residential connection in every town where they have bookstalls, not only for the sale of books, magazines, and papers, but also for the circulating library. It is this residential business which has enabled them to pay the rentals that have been demanded. Should any other firm take over the contract from the Great Western Railway or the London and North-Western, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son will at once open a shop in every town where they previously had a bookstall, and they expect to carry with them a large portion of the residential connection. "As what we have paid as rental bore a direct relation to the whole of our profits from whatever source, we think that the successful tenderers for the contracts will have matter to ponder over when they secure them."

I believe that the publishers and newspaper proprietors have full confidence in the business ability and the fairness of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. The public are admirably served by their bookstalls, and their system of delivery is excellent. Their circulating library is an unspeakable boon to those who have to live temporarily or permanently at out-of-the-way places where new books are hard to find.

An ingenious person whose articles have been frequently declined has discovered by a complicated arrangement that the editors do not read his articles through. He cries out upon their villainy. It ought to be apparent to anyone with common-sense that in most cases an editor judges against an article simply by looking at it. The subject may be impossible, or the length may be impossible, or the rapid perusal of the first page may show that the writer is incapable. In these circumstances, to go on reading would be a sheer waste of time. But, speaking from a considerable experience, I believe that no article that has the least chance of being printed fails to receive consideration. If a contributor selects a suitable subject, confines himself to a decent limit, and begins well, he may be sure that he will be respectfully treated, and this applies in particular to the writers of short stories.

As for manuscripts of books, and especially of novels, they are now read with a thoroughness which was unknown, say, fifteen years ago. The great publishers at that time depended on their own staff of authors, and were by no means effusive in adding to their numbers. It is believed of one firm that they declined in succession Stevenson, Kipling, Barrie, and Crockett. Very likely their manuscripts were not read. I could name, twenty years ago, half-a-dozen houses that were practically inaccessible to the outsider. All this is changed. Every publisher is anxiously on the outlook for the new man of genius, who, by the way, is very much overdue. He may be discovered any fine morning. The publisher or the publisher's reader who sent back "John Inglesant" nowadays would never be forgiven. In fact, so anxious are publishers to have good novels that they will often risk money on a new author in whom they do not fully believe. The younger race of publishers do much of their own reading, and they do it very well indeed. They are active, enterprising, and always on the lookout. Nowadays, anything in the form of a story that is barely tolerable will find a publisher. Among the keenest are some whose firms, say, twenty years ago, maintained an almost haughty attitude of exclusiveness.

Publishers in Russia have to do their work under great difficulties. They have to reckon with no fewer than eight different Censors, representing as many official departments. Each Censor is a law unto himself, following his own notions, whims, and prejudices. Finally, when a book at last reaches the public, it encounters another array of difficulties. Libraries are not permitted to purchase and circulate even the Censor-ridden books. Many are, in fact, expressly prohibited to the libraries,

the idea being that what may be safe in the small circles of the well-to-do intelligent may be dangerous in the hands of the people. The publishers have all demanded the complete abolition of the book censorship and full liberty to issue any book they think fit, subject to prosecution in Court under general laws safeguarding public morality and order.

A study of Dr. George Macdonald's life-work, written by a personal friend, is to be published in the autumn. Dr. Macdonald is still alive, but will write no more. The last story that came from his pen appeared in *The Sketch*.

Though the letters of Queen Victoria, now being edited by Mr. A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher, cannot be ready before the beginning of next year, there is reason to believe that many letters written by the Queen at the time of the Crimean War will appear in the autumn. These were addressed to Lord Panmure, then the War Secretary.

O. O.



BOHEMIAN FRIEND: Trying to commit suicide, old man? But why didn't you put the confounded rope round your neck?
THE VICTIM: I did, but it nearly choked me.

DRAWN BY H. BOWEN.



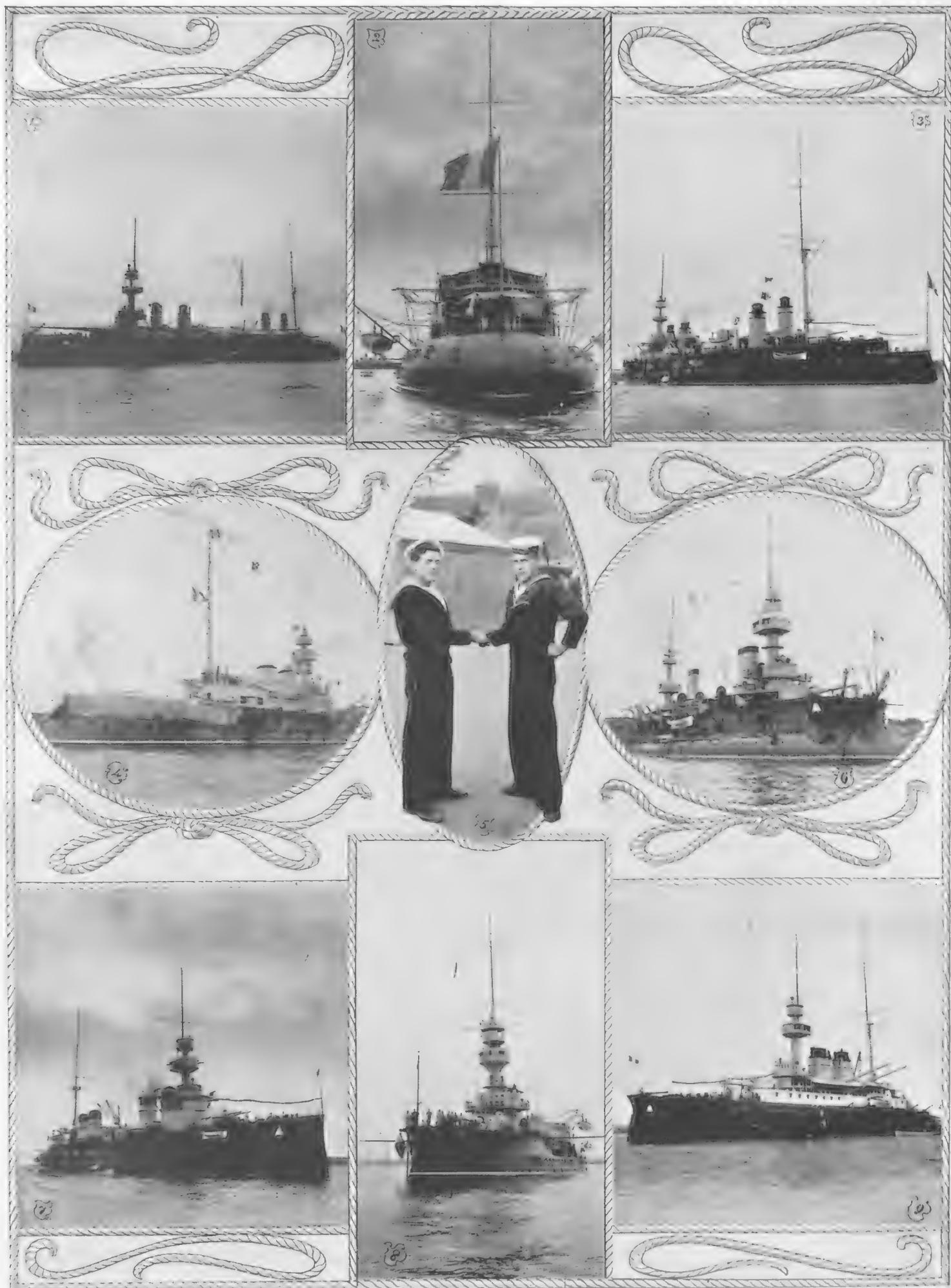
Johnston & Hoffmann

Savannah Studio

MISS DEBORAH VOLAR, WHO IS PLAYING HÉLÈNE DE SOLANGES IN "VÉRONIQUE" AT THE APOLLO.

Miss Deborah Volar is the third actress to play "Véronique," Miss Ruth Vincent being the first, and Miss Isabel Jay the second. Miss Volar has now been appearing in the chief part in M. Messager's opera for the past four or five weeks, and will be seen in it until the piece is withdrawn.

WILL THEY BE OUR ALLIES? SOME OF THE FRENCH WARSHIPS NOW VISITING US.



1. THE ARMoured CRUISER "AUBE" (9,856 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 615).

2. THE BATTLESHIP "CARNOT" (11,954 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 625).

3. THE ARMoured CRUISER "CONDÉ" (9,856 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 615).

4. THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SECOND DIVISION: THE COAST-DEFENCE BATTLESHIP "BOUVINES" (6,691 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 323).

5. JACQUES AND JACK CEMENT THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

6. ADMIRAL CAILLARD'S FLAGSHIP, ON WHICH THE KING IS TO LUNCH TO-DAY: THE BATTLESHIP "MASSÉNA" (11,735 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 612).

7. THE ARMoured CRUISER "LÉON GAMBETTA" (12,351 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 728).

8. THE COAST-DEFENCE BATTLESHIP "TRÉHOUART" (6,671 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 337).

9. THE BATTLESHIP "HENRI IV." (8,807 TONS; COMPLEMENT, 464).

The visit of the French Fleet to this country began on Monday last, and is to continue for a week. According to the official programme, the commanding Admirals were to visit the King on board the Royal yacht and the Lords of the Admiralty on the day of their arrival, the King paying a return visit to the "Masséna" and giving a dinner to the French Admirals and Captains on the same day. It was also arranged that the festivities, official and semi-official, should include a lunch given at the Royal Yacht Club by the Marquis of Ormonde, a garden-party at East Cowes Castle, a dinner given by the Lords of the Admiralty and the English Staffs, a ball on the "Jauréguiberry," a review by the King, a luncheon to the King on board the "Masséna," a banquet and ball given by the Lords of the Admiralty, a luncheon to the Admirals and eighty officers at the Guildhall, a reception at the French Embassy, a visit to Windsor Castle, and a visit to Windsor.

Photographs by Cribb. (See "My Morning Paper.")

JUDGE PARRY'S "FARICAL PROBLEM" AT WYNDHAM'S.



MISS LILIAN GRAHAM, WHO IS PLAYING SOPHONISBA HAKE IN "WHAT THE BUTLER SAW,"

BY EDWARD A. PARRY AND FREDERICK MOUILLOT.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

“A DAINTY AND DIAPHANOUS FANTASY”



A Greek girl (Miss Kittie Lindley) sitting on the seashore with her lover (Mr. Ackerman May) at her feet, picks up a shell and, putting it to her ear, listens eagerly to a love-song of the sea. Thus it comes about that she treats her lover with indifference sufficient to send him away from her. Next she hears a voice singing to her of a maiden's grief at the loss of her lover, whom she had thrown aside and who was drowned, and the same voice tells her that within the shell is the soul of this maiden, condemned to stay there until

Photograph by C. M.

“IE”: “LE RÊVE,” AT THE ALHAMBRA.



she shall save another from slighting her true love. The Greek girl then falls asleep, and dreams herself at the bottom of the sea, where her lover is lying. At sight of him, love returns to her, and, kissing him, she brings him back to life and to the confession that sirens tempted him to visit their coral-decked home. When she awakens, it is to find herself on the shore again, eager to welcome her lover on his return despite his temporary lapse from grace.

6,000 SINGERS AND AN AUDIENCE OF NEARLY 10,000:
A MAMMOTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT ZÜRICH



1. A SCENE DURING THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT ZÜRICH, GIVING AN IDEA OF THE ENORMOUS NUMBER OF SINGERS ENGAGED.
2. THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH, AS ENACTED DURING THE FESTIVAL.
3. AN AUDIENCE OF 9,720 PEOPLE AT THE FESTIVAL.

Zürich was recently the scene of a mammoth Musical Festival, to the programme of which no less than 6,000 singers contributed, and which 9,720 people attended on a single occasion. Soloists and chorus were alike heard to much advantage. The backcloth showed the Lake of Zürich, with the Alps in the background. There were four orchestras, each situated in a different corner of the Hall.

Photographs by Link.

FROM MONASTERY TO PALACE:

"THE MOST EXQUISITE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE WORLD."



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN "KATROCENI," THE PALACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA NEAR BUCHAREST.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM IN "KATROCENI," THE PALACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

"Katsceni," the palace of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, stands on a height just outside Bucharest, and was once a monastery. Its drawing-room is said to be the most exquisite in the world. The walls are of burnished gold reliefs on a turquoise-blue ground. Lilies, the Princess's favourite flower, form the design of the ceiling. The floor, which is very highly polished, is made of deep-blue tiles. The furniture is chiefly of gold, and is decorated with paintings by the Princess herself. Over the large, old-fashioned fireplace embossed gold flames form the frame of a painting of the Madonna and Child. Among the many articles of *vertu* contained in the room and here illustrated is a bronze statue bearing a cross of rock-crystal lit from within by tiny incandescent lamps.

Photographs supplied by W. E. Ward.

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLANDS.



1. BUILT BY THE "IRISH SOCIETY": A GENERAL VIEW OF LONDONDERRY.

2. THE LARGEST WATER-WHEEL IN THE WORLD: THE POWER-GENERATOR FOR THE LEAD-MINES AT LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN.

3. ONE OF IRELAND'S MOST NOTED SEASIDE RESORTS: PORTRUSH, COUNTY ANTRIM.

4. IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS OF THE ISLE OF MAN: MOORAGH PARK, RAMSEY.

5. THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLE OF MAN: A GENERAL VIEW OF DOUGLAS.

6. AN EXTRAORDINARY GEOLOGICAL CURIOSITY: THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

7. ONE OF GLENARIFF'S FAMOUS WATERFALLS: ESS-NA-CRUB.

8. IRELAND'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL: ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST.

Londonderry is enclosed by walls and bastions built in 1609, and was constructed in its present form by the "Irish Society," who colonised it and named it a county. Previously it was known as Derry. Laxey, which is seven miles South of Ramsey, has important lead-mines, and the power for these is generated by the huge water-wheel shown in our photograph. Portrush is one of the most noted seaside tourist resorts of Ireland, and has a splendid stretch of strand, excellent sea-bathing, and the most noted golf-links in Ireland. Ramsey consists of two parts, North Ramsey and South Ramsey, connected by a bridge, has a herring fishery, and a pier 2,300 feet long, and is a favourite summer resort. Douglas is not only the capital, but the largest town of the Isle of Man. Its harbour can accommodate vessels drawing from 10 to 16 feet at high-tide, but is dry at low-tide. The Giant's Causeway is reached by way of Portrush, and is one of Ireland's best-known sights. Ess-na-Crub is one of a number of the waterfalls for which the Vale of Glenariff is celebrated. The best-known of the others are Ess-na-Larach, Hermit's Fall, and the Tears of the Mountain. Belfast has been fitly called the "Commercial Capital of Ireland," and is world-famous for its ship-building yards.

(SEE PAGE 140.)

TO PLAY IN "THE BLUE MOON."



MISS CARRIE MOORE, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN MR. ROBERT COURTEENIDGE'S PRODUCTION AT THE LYRIC.

It was at first announced that Miss Carrie Moore was to take the place of Miss Ida René, who retired from the cast of "The Blue Moon" under doctor's orders. An official announcement from the theatre, however, now states that Miss Florence Smithson is to appear instead of Miss René. The production is announced for the 24th of the month.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SCANDALS OF SIGNA.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

No. IV.—THE DANGERS OF EXILE.

MRS. SHERRINGHAM is a charming woman, but she is accustomed to be indiscreet. If she had not, in Lady Bloomfield's drawing-room, told the story of Signa's rickshaw ride with an unknown man (Signa having confessed it on the homeward voyage to England), the Duchess would never have heard of it, and much might have been avoided. Mrs. Sherringham meant no harm, but the tale, garnished, reached the Duchess in twenty-four hours; and it was not one after that before she was expressing her opinion thereon—and Signa—to the assembled family.

One dislikes the Duchess as much as one likes Lady Jane. She is a beautiful old woman to look at, with a smooth, evil tongue, against which only Signa dares to stand up, and she rules poor, weak, fat Lady Jane with a rod of iron. What she demanded on this occasion was Signa's banishment—she was to be sent into the country, like a naughty child, to think over her sins. It was the beginning of the Season, and the old lady had craftily thought out the best mode of punishment; but, of course, what she said was that until this ridiculous tale about Signa's doings in Africa had blown away and been forgotten it was better for the poor child that she should go away for a little—and she suggested Mrs. Berniston-Carey's house at Folkestone as a suitable refuge. Signa fought, of course; but the Duchess carried the day, and the culprit was condemned to an indefinite stay in a select circle where no male thing was admitted. Mrs. Berniston-Carey's position was unassailable, but her circumstances forced her to take a few ladies to reside with her—and they were all elderly, and mostly invalids.

So Signa went to Folkestone, and very dull she found it. After a week she could have wept, if she had not felt that that was just what the Duchess would have wished. So she set her little white teeth, and took Mrs. Berniston-Carey's fat pug for walks instead. Dogs always liked Signa, and so did servants. The maid who was portioned off to walk with her on these occasions had cause.

"I wish you would go into town and change my book for me at the library, Mary," Signa said, sweetly. "I will wait for you on the Leas with To-to."

The Leas were practically deserted, and dull; the town was always cheery, and Mary was walking out with the young man at the library.

Mary walked with her to the end of the road in which Mrs. Berniston-Carey's model villa stood—as long, that is, as they might be seen therefrom. Then they separated, Mary's pace perceptibly quickening, Signa strolling uninterestedly Lea-wards with To-to. She really had no object in sending the girl away save good-nature and a desire to escape the constant supervision of which she was weary; but one morning, as she sat on the Leas, a man passed her, and then he turned back and passed her again. He was well dressed and good to look upon, and he limped slightly—there was, indeed, an air of convalescence about him. Signa was just speculating as to whether he had been invalidated home from Africa when he passed her the second time. She lowered her lids, more to disguise the imp of mischief dawning in her eyes than from any discomfort. Signa did not mind though half the world stared at her. It had been her portion since she was a little maid in a sun-bonnet.

The man deliberately turned his head this time, and looked; the pug rose on his hind-legs at the moment and put his paws on Signa's knee, as she stooped to pat him. "Tired of sitting here, To-to?" she said, in her clear voice. "We'll walk up and down then, old fellow."

Then began a pretty dance, up and down the grass, past the bandstand, and out to the edge of the cliff, whither Signa wandered with beautiful irrelevance. She led the man who was following her to and fro in a figure as complicated as any in the German, and To-to gambolled round her as agilely as his fat allowed. There were only two or three people on the Leas, and after the first turn Signa had ascertained that her suspicions were correct—her follower was direfully determined, and not to be shaken off. She amused herself at his expense for five minutes, and then brought the farce to an end by wheeling suddenly and coming face to face with him. He was

making no pretence about his interest, and was staring straight at her—she confirmed her former impression of a brown face and very blue eyes, looking strangely light against the tan, a very big brown moustache, and slightly greyed hair—altogether, a well-set-up, soldierly man, if one could not say much for his manners.

Signa had a flash of the devil's own inspiration, and just ten seconds to arrange her thoughts. The simple curiosity in her face changed to a half-hesitating recognition. She bowed suddenly, smiled, and blushed sweetly.

"I thought it must be you!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand; "but I really wasn't sure for an instant. What an age it is since I saw you!"

The ludicrous change from astonishment to embarrassment and then to uncertainty on his face was all that she could desire. He tried, however, to recover himself.

"I was afraid you were not going to recognise me," he said, raising his hat. "I—er—I thought I knew you!"

"Know me!" said Signa, with a perfectly natural laugh. "Well, I should rather think you did! And how is dear Maimee?"

"Maimee?" he said, starting. "Oh, she's—awfully fit!"

"What, really? Oh, I suppose you mean she is as well as she ever can be?" said Signa, raising gently puzzled eyes to his face. "Poor Maimee!"

He turned a dull red under the tan, and stammered: "Oh, well, you know, that's just what I meant, of course—poor Maimee! No, one can hardly call her very fit, can one?" he said, with an eager grasp at retrieving his blunder.

"No, indeed!" said Signa, shaking her head and lowering her eyes rather hastily. "And you are just home from Africa, of course?"

"Yes," he said, with relief, and evidently about to plunge into this safer topic, but Signa was too quick for him.

"You were at Graspan, didn't Eleanor say?" she remarked.

"No—er—we were in Natal most of the time."

"But I am sure Eleanor told me it was Graspan! And your great-aunt was knitting socks for you, and Harry—you remember Harry?—was to take them out. Didn't you ever get them?"

"No!" he said, with a touch of desperation. "I never had any socks from my great-aunt. I suppose Harry kept them. Did you knit me any?"

"Oh, no! I left all that to your Aunt—Aunt—what was her name?"

"Mary," he said, without flinching.

"Aunt Mary, because she told me she was so devoted to you. And—why, what are you thinking of? Her name isn't Mary at all! I recollect quite well, because it is the same as mine, and, you know, it is not a common one."

He stared down at her in gloomy despair, but Signa has no mercy.

"No," he remarked, with a touch of recklessness; "no, it could not be a common one—your name!"

There was a little pause, while Signa dug holes in the Leas with the end of her parasol, and To-to hunted his own back. Signa was biting her lips; she was afraid that if he did not speak she should laugh and spoil it all.

"And—and—I'm afraid I shall lose my place in your estimation for ever," he blurted out at last. "But what is your name? I—the fact is I've always had the audacity to call you by a name of my own"—("Not bad, after all!" thought Signa)—"and—I believe I've forgotten what everyone else calls you."

She flashed a look of pretended indignation at him. "Oh, well, I shall not refresh your memory!" she said. "There is my maid coming to look for me. I must be going home." Then, apparently, she melted. "You are staying here, I suppose? Oh, well, you can come and see me if you like—the old address."

She nodded and turned away to join Mary, before he could say that he had forgotten that also. He would not dare to follow them home, she calculated quickly. What an utter fool he had looked throughout! She startled Mary by bursting into a long, ringing laugh as they walked home.

[Continued on Page 132.]

THE FIRST ACTRESS TO RECEIVE THE LEGION OF HONOUR
IN RECOGNITION OF HER ART.



MADAME BARTET, OF THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE, WHO NOW WEARS THE RED RIBBON.

The question as to whether Madame Bartet would receive the coveted red ribbon of the Legion of Honour or no occupied the Boulevardiers of Paris for many days, and the topic was at its height when the list of July 14 was published and there was no "Julia Bartet" upon it. M. Claretie, the director of the Comédie-Française, thereupon called on President Loubet, and asked that the decoration might be conferred upon the actress, a request to which M. Loubet replied by stating that it would give him personal gratification to sign the patent of "Chevalière" of the Legion of Honour for Madame Bartet. One result of the award is likely to be that Madame Sarah Bernhardt will be equally honoured at the beginning of the new year. The delay in giving the red ribbon to the Divine Sarah is said to have been caused by the Government's natural desire to recognise an official actress before an unofficial actress, however great.

A few days later, she met him on the Leas again, Mary having been disposed of as before. Signa's blush was quite genuine—she has some saving grace about her. The stranger was humble, flatteringly anxious, evidently ashamed of himself, but unable to resist temptation. Signa sat down on one of the seats on the cliff overlooking the sea, and after a minute he joined her.

"You haven't been to see me!" she said, reproachfully, going about her torture in a business-like way. "And I'm sure you would if you knew how dull I am! I am down here—did you know?—in exile!"

"No, I didn't know," he returned, gravely—far too gravely. "Who had the courage to exile—you?"

"My grandmother."

"Pshaw! Old women have no souls!"

"No, or hearts either. Fancy sending me away in the middle of the Season! And I hadn't done anything very bad—" She opened her eyes so that he could look straight into their depths and see all the imps of mischief there.

"I don't believe you could!" he said, slowly, and with great assurance—far too much assurance.

"And have you heard from your people, and how is the baby?" said Signa, suddenly, pulling herself together. But that was rather too much.

"I don't know and I don't care!" he said, rashly.

"Oh, how can you! I think you are quite horrid and unnatural—that is just like a man, they are so selfish! But not to care for that baby!" She stood up and looked at him as he sat in gloomy dejection. "I don't think you are quite in a nice mood this morning, and I won't talk to you any more," she said, gravely.

"Another moment," she added to herself, as she walked away, "and he would have confessed his share of the affair and spoilt my fun. He believes in me at present—it is a pity that I shall ever have to tell him . . . Perhaps I won't!"

This went on for a week or so, Mary proving a most discreet ally. And then the bolt fell out of a cloudless Heaven. It must be confessed that Signa had rather dropped her revenge, and did not entangle her companion in a net of fictitious names quite so often; she reserved the numerous friends with whom she had endowed him as a resource if the situation threatened to become complicated; but, as a rule, they chatted on all sorts of idle topics, and grew dangerously familiar with each other's present, ignoring the past which Signa had invented. She had always escaped hearing his name, because some day she thought she might be glad to be hazy on this point; but he tried by every device to find out hers, short of questioning Mary or following her home. That he had never attempted to do, and Signa felt some faint pricks of conscience lest, after all, her revenge should be a little inadequate to his sin.

They had met in the afternoon, which was unusual, and had wandered down the cliff-side together, among the tamarisks. Signa had consented to the suggestion without thinking; she began to doubt its prudence once they were seated side by side under a full green tree, in one of those artificial nooks which are perfect love-traps, and she caught sight of his eyes through the shadow.

"I want to talk to you seriously," he began, before she could collect herself.

"Don't!" said Signa, and her smile was nervous. "Remember Harry's experience when Minnie and the twins—"

"Da—I mean, hang Harry and Minnie!" he said, impatiently. "What have they to do with us?" But still he was under control, and might have remained so had Signa not tried him too far.

"They are rather a large factor in your life, anyway!" she said. "And that reminds me, I heard from Minnie this morning, and she says the baby—"

"Don't talk about your letters now. I want to tell you something about myself. Will you listen?"

It was coming at last! She read it inevitably in his face.

"Don't you want to hear about the baby?" said Signa, with a last stand, opening her eyes in surprised reproach.

"You said something about leaving Folkestone yesterday. I have been torturing myself ever since for fear you should."

"Oh, we shall meet in town—at the Simpsons', no doubt."

"Yes—but I'm afraid we mightn't," he said, with rueful meaning. "You don't know—"

"There is really nothing to prevent us," said Signa, hastily; "unless the baby—"

"Oh, confound the baby!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "I beg your pardon—but, after all, it isn't my baby, you see! I'm not responsible for the beastly little thing!"

Signa rose, too, in dignified sorrow. It is true she bent her head rather precipitately, and her face was not very visible in the shadow of the tree, but her attitude was admirable in its ladylike regret for an exhibition of bad taste.

"I think it is rather fortunate that your wife cannot hear such an extraordinary disclaimer," she said, solemnly.

He staggered back a step. "Married!" he stammered. "Good Lord! have you really married me, too?" And then, before Signa could fly, the blow came. "Look here," he said, firmly, "I've a confession to make, and you must listen even if you never speak to me again. I'm not the man you think I am—at least, I mean,

you've mistaken me for another fellow. When I first saw you on the Leas, I—er—well, I was thinking I wished I knew you, you know, and wishing you would drop your handkerchief, or ask me the time or something, and wondering if I could make your acquaintance—it was beastly caddish, I know, and you can't want me kicked more than I do now, myself. And then you spoke to me, and I saw that you thought I was someone else, and I let you go on thinking it, because—well, because you so—well, it's a temptation to a man! You can't understand, of course."

He had spoken in breathless agitation, and in the pause that came as he ceased speaking he took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a very large white silk handkerchief. Signa always saw him so afterwards in her memory—the beads of perspiration on his handsome face, and his light eyes curiously darkened and dilated.

"But your acceptance of it all!" she said, slowly. "Pray what did you think I meant by all the people of whom I told you? You seemed to understand!"

"Yes, I know," he said, lamely. "But I didn't. I don't know a single one of those Harrys and Minnies and Simpsons you talk about. I can't remember half the names—you seemed to introduce a fresh one every day"—(Signa bit her lips fiercely and seemed to choke—with indignation, perhaps)—"I can't think how you remember them yourself! They are all strangers to me—I wish they were not! There might be a chance for me then—" (Signa did not ask an explanation of this confused remark.) "My name is Harold Spence. I'm Major of the 19th Lancers. I was invalided home with a lot of our fellows, and I came down here to pick up a little, because the doctor advised it. I was beastly dull—until I met you! . . . I suppose you—you can't ever forgive me?"

Signa did not look at him; she knew herself but human. She looked, instead, at the sun and shadow of the golden afternoon beyond their retreat, and spoke quite gently, but with the same dignity.

"I am glad you have seen fit to tell me this at last, though it seems to me rather late in the day, Major Spence. As to forgiving you, it is hardly a matter for forgiveness between total strangers, is it? And it seems that that is what we are. No, please do not speak—and don't follow me. I am going home."

He bowed quite civilly, and began to climb the cliff at her leisure, reflecting that he might have accused her of flirting horribly with a married man, anyhow, considering that she had insisted on ascribing a wife and baby to him, never mind how intimate they might have been supposed to be. He had not said a word of reproach, nor did he attempt to follow her.

"Poor fellow!" said Signa, with a sigh, and her bright eyes clouded.

That night she wrote two letters; the first was to Captain Verney, Junior Army and Navy Club, London, and ran as follows—

DEAR NOEL,—Go and see Mother at once, and make her have me home, in spite of the Duchess. I am in a horrible mess, and if you don't, I can't say what I won't do. It was so dull down here, and they shouldn't drive me to extremes, and, anyhow, it isn't very bad this time.

SIGNA.

P.S.—It wasn't my fault, you know—well, then, not more than half, really.

The other letter was to Major Spence at the Leas Hotel (the name was in the visitors' list of the local paper), and contained a confession of Signa's part of the affair, and a pretty little plea for mercy in her turn.

"I had forgiven you long before you spoke," she wrote. "So now we can cry quits!"

She did not post the second letter until she received a telegram from Verney to say "All's well," followed by a note from Lady Jane recalling her at once. Julia would travel down next day to accompany her home, it having been part of the Duchess's discipline that the girl had not been at Folkestone hitherto—it was so good for Signa to learn to wait upon herself, she said.

Signa left Folkestone the next day. Her letter must have reached the hotel on the Leas that morning, and she looked with some curiosity up and down the platform before she took her place in the train. But the familiar figure with the soldierly air and the limp was not to be seen.

"I think he might have come to see me off!" said Signa, with a shameless sense of injury. "How very good-looking he was! I like blue eyes and grey hair—they go so well together."

As the train was just starting, a florist's boy ran across the platform and made straight for her carriage.

He knew Signa by sight, and he put into her hands a great bouquet of pink roses, with a note addressed to her. Her face lit up with pleasure, and then a shadow of something like regret crossed it again.

"I didn't mean—," she began, half-audibly, as she opened the note.

There was neither protest nor reproach. Nothing but a few lines from Browning, and two initials—

She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her!
There are plenty . . . men, you call such, I suppose . . . she may discover
All her soul to, if she please, and leave much as she found them;
But I'm not so, and she knew it when she fixed me, glancing round them.

"Oh!" said Signa, miserably; "but it's not so, and I didn't mean it!" . . . A sudden dew seemed to have fallen on the roses.

THE END.

WILL THE ELECTRIC TRAMS LEAD TO THIS?



WOULD-BE PASSENGER: I say, porter, what's the next train up?

PORTER (*formerly station-master*): Train? Up? There are no trains here now. You'll have to go by tram.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AS OLD AS ADAM AND EVE



SOME MARCONILESS MESSAGES WITHOUT WIRES.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



THE many friends of Mr. Cyril Maude will regret to hear that he has been confined not merely to the house, but to his room, by the necessity of having to undergo a slight operation. Happily, it was not serious, and at no time was there the least fear of any unwelcome complication. Indeed, two or three days ago Mr. Maude was able to leave London for a yachting trip, on which he will be away for about a fortnight. When he returns, he will immediately begin preparations for the long provincial tour with which he will inaugurate his sole management.

From New York comes the announcement of the engagement of Mr. W. L. Abingdon, "the Prince of Villains" as he has been called, to Miss Bijou Fernandez, a well-known American actress. Miss Fernandez was at one time one of the best-known child actors, and has grown up into a beautiful young woman of the brunette type of which Miss Constance Collier is so striking an example. Miss Fernandez's mother is the proprietor of a large dramatic agency in New York, and was, in fact, the first woman to take up that kind of business on the other side of the Atlantic.

A few days ago there was every possibility that Mr. E. S. Willard would be the star at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and would appear in a new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Now, however, it is a possibility no longer. Had Mr. Willard been able to accept the proposition made to him, it would have been a matter of great interest, for it was at the Shaftesbury, and in association with the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, that he made his notable successes in "The Middleman" and "Judah" at the beginning of his career as an actor-manager. At first, indeed, Mr. Willard was inclined to consider the matter. When, however, he came to take all the circumstances into consideration, he concluded that it would be inconsistent with his long-established business and professional policy to make such an alteration in his arrangements. This he has done without prejudice to the play, for he has not read it, and its character is unknown to him, so that the carrying out of his original plans does not mean that he does not like the play, which everyone will hope will have the success which so much of Mr. Jones's other work has enjoyed.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Willard will leave England with his Company in the middle of September, and will begin his tour in Montreal on Oct. 2. His present bookings, however, do not extend beyond the middle of February, so that he is free to choose between a further American tour and a return to England for a brief season in London, as circumstances may decide. The desire to see Mr. Willard in his old répertoire, in which "The Professor's Love Story," "David Garrick," and "Tom Pinch" figure conspicuously, is still so great that he could go on playing it indefinitely. He, however, intends to supplement these plays by three others — including two new works of which he thinks highly—and, if either of these meets his expectations, it is possible he will accept

the proposition to give it a London production next spring. Mr. Willard is one of the few actors who can gratify their personal ambition with a certainty of pleasing a large public. It is, however, the former and not the latter consideration which has induced him to add "The Fool's Revenge" to his list of productions, though he has at present no intention of making it a permanent feature of his répertoire. To the American public this play is certain to be a source of great interest, for Bertuccio is one of the parts which afforded Edwin Booth, America's greatest actor, the opportunity of moving audiences to a very high pitch of excitement by purely legitimate means and by the most consummate technical skill.

The result of the railway accident by which Mr. Sam Shubert lost his life may be an expensive thing for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for his heirs have taken the preliminary steps to sue for damages, which, it is said, will involve a sum of £100,000.

It really begins to look as though the lighter plays of the forthcoming season are to be dominated by the colour scheme. "The Golden Girl" has now been produced, and soon we are to see "The Blue Moon" and "The White Chrysanthemum," while we may expect Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry to add the necessary touch of red by continuing the career of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which had so successful a run at the New Theatre in the beginning of the year. If "colour" plays become the vogue, we shall have much the same condition of things as prevailed a few years ago, when no musical comedy

MR. HAYDEN COFFIN'S SUCCESSOR IN "VÉRONIQUE": MR. GORDON CLEATHER.

Mr. Gordon Cleather, who has succeeded Mr. Hayden Coffin in the part of Florestan in "Véronique," has long understudied the popular actor-singer.

Photograph by Photolinol.

expect Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry to add the necessary

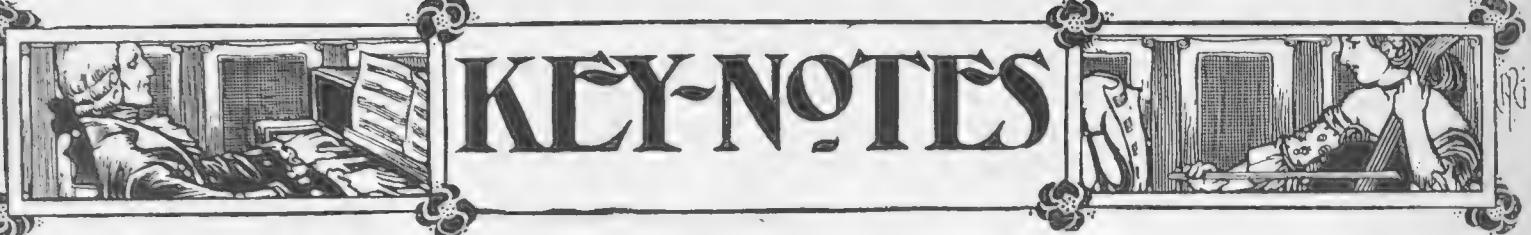


"THE GOLDEN GIRL": MISS LOUIE POUNDS, WHO IS PLAYING THE PRETTY MRS. ROBINSON IN CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD'S NEW MUSICAL-COMEDY, "THE GOLDEN GIRL."

"The Golden Girl," the libretto of which is by Captain Basil Hood, and the music of which is by Mr. Hamish McCunn, was produced for the first time on Saturday last at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham.

Photograph by Bassano.

It is not only dramatic expression which fascinates Judge Parry, the author of "What the Butler Saw," nor is it fantastic books designed for children, like "Katawampus," for he has gone in for biography, witness his "Life of Macklin," and he has recently produced a new Elizabethan novel. If one were to seek the Judge's first impulse towards writing for the stage, it is by no means improbable that it would be found to have been a suggestion from Mrs. Walter B. Styer, the wife of a well-known solicitor, and herself a member of many literary clubs and societies, that "Katawampus" would make a good Christmas play. She did, as a matter of fact, dramatise it, to prove that it contained the germ of a play; but subsequently Judge Parry himself did a version, in collaboration with Mr. Louis Calvert, which was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, where, unfortunately, it did not have a long life.



KEY-NOTES

LONDON, now asleep, so far as music goes, will awaken, as we very briefly stated last week, towards the end of August with Mr. Henry J. Wood's ever-popular series of Promenade Concerts. Nothing during recent years has done so much to heighten the taste of the general public in music as these Concerts. Mr. Wood has not been content to go along the old, popular lines of policy, in which everything a little difficult to understand on a first hearing was supposed to be "above the heads of the people." Mr. Wood, on the contrary, does not believe in that sort of policy, and the proof of the matter lies in the fact that Wagner nights have always attracted the most crowded houses. But not in this respect alone has the proof been put to the test. In the general appreciation of Grieg, of Dvorák, not to mention even Elgar and Strauss, music in London has made tremendous strides, through popular but dignified methods, during the past decade. Anybody who is able to call to memory the aspect of the Queen's Hall on a great night of the "Proms" can countersign this statement.

In connection, then, with these Concerts, one is inclined to parody the schoolboy's scornful question, and ask: musicians?" No less than seven novelties by British composers rank among the proposed programmes. Among these one especially notes with gratification the name of Mr. Hamilton Harty, who comes forward with an "Irish Symphony"; it will be curious to see how this very accomplished pianist and accompanist will acquit himself in so large a task. Mr. Harty, himself an Irishman, should be able to enter closely into the spirit of Irish music, and certain former work of his certainly arouses expectation.

THE ONLY AMERICAN SINGER WHO APPEARS REGULARLY IN ITALIAN OPERA: MME. ELEONORA DE CISNEROS.

Mme. Cisneros, who has been singing at the Waldorf this season, was born in New York, and made her début there, at the Metropolitan Opera House, four years ago. She was a member of the San Carlo Opera Company which appeared at Covent Garden last autumn, and she will be with it when it is again in London in October.

Photograph by Lassano.

"Who said that Mr. Wood objected to British musicians?" No less than seven novelties by British composers rank among the proposed programmes. Among these one especially notes with gratification the name of Mr. Hamilton Harty, who comes forward with an "Irish Symphony"; it will be curious to see how this very accomplished pianist and accompanist will acquit himself in so large a task. Mr. Harty, himself an Irishman, should be able to enter closely into the spirit of Irish music, and certain former work of his certainly arouses expectation.

Composers who have earned popularity for themselves at various English Festivals also contribute new works. Thus Mr. Granville Bantock supplies a set of variations for orchestra under the title of "Helena." Mr. Wallace deals musically with the achievements of Sir William Wallace—of course, the hero of "Scots wha hae"—indeed, programme music seems to be the order of the day, for Mr. A. von Ahn Carse will illustrate musically Browning's "In a Balcony," and Mr. Cecil Forsyth gives through the same medium four studies on Victor Hugo. Finally, one notes a name too little recognised in England, that of Mr. Fritz Delius, whose big orchestral concert some years ago at the St. James's Hall will still linger in the memories of many musicians. Mr. Delius has for long been a dweller in Paris, and he proposes to deal with the intricacies of that city in a new Symphonic Poem; truly the triumph of Liszt is accomplished in these days, when composers run to the Symphonic Poem, the invention of which was due to him, in season and out of season, for the expression of their musical personality. Mozart wrote Symphonies from a subtler point of view: but that is another story.

Among the Symphonies to be performed will be Gustave Mahler's Symphony in G (No. 4) and Strauss's Symphony in F Minor. A host of other good things is announced, selections which show the wide and inclusive range of Mr. Wood's knowledge no less than his catholicity of thought and his singular insight into that which is best in music or is likely to have a success after sound and conscientious trial. More no conductor could do.

To those rightly sensitive people to whom "professional" music in the streets is an abomination, there is good news from abroad. One remembers the complacency of such musicians in the case of King Gama—

When German bands from music-stands
Played Wagner imperfectly,
He bade them go, they didn't say "No,"
But off they went directly.
The organ-boys, they stopped their noise
With readiness surprising,
And grinning herds of hurdy-gurdys
Retired apologising.

Alas! the private citizen is not a King Gama; but we learn that the manufacture of barrel-organs and street-pianos "is in anything but a flourishing condition." "A report," says *Musical Opinion*, "of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce sounds a note of alarm, in fear that the industry will completely die out. Let it die out; the world will not be less happy for the event. There are plenty of other honest trades to which organ-grinders can pay their attention."

The association between the Boards of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music seems, in connection with



AN OPERA-SINGER ORDERED TO JOIN RUSSIA'S FIGHTING FORCE IN THE FIELD: M. SOBINOFF.

into the details of which it is not necessary to enter here. The point is this, rather, that where there can be no possible rivalry between two great examining institutions, the work of students is likely to become much more unified and much less crossed by different opinions in minor details.

There is still no authentic news concerning the reasons of Herr von Possart's retirement from the directorship of the Munich theatres. The loss, at first sight, seems irreparable; for his musical influence in Munich was paramount, and the building of the splendid new Opera House was chiefly owing to his determined efforts in the cause of art.

COMMON CHORD.



THE MOTOR-BOAT RELIABILITY TRIALS—A SUCTION-PRODUCER GAS-MOTOR YACHT—THE FORTHCOMING REVISION OF THE MOTOR ACT—MOTOR MEETS AT SEASIDE RESORTS—THE TIE FOR THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE FLYING KILOMÈTRE—SOME HINTS FOR MOTOR CAMPERS.

IN the Motor-boat Reliability Trials held last week in Southampton Water and the Solent Messrs. John Thornycroft and Sons ran a very interesting craft. She is described as a suction-producer gas-motor yacht, a description sounding strange in the ears of the uninitiated. For clearness, I may briefly describe the vessel as a boat driven by a four-cylinder gas-engine, and carrying an apparatus for making her own gas. Apart from the interest provoked by the

craft herself, the system upon which she is driven deserves attention, if only for the reason that there are more than a few of our leading engineers who regard suction-producer gas-boats as the certain successors of steam-propelled sea-going vessels of all magnitudes. Propulsion by suction-producer gas plant is alleged to be six and a-half times cheaper than by oil and three and a-half times cheaper than by steam. The success of the *Emil Capitaine*, the Thornycroft boat above referred to, which is sixty feet long with a ten-foot beam, is but the first step. The larger the plant and the power, the greater the chances of success and the economy over any other form of power-production.



A POTENTATE WHO TOOK HIS FIRST MOTOR-RIDE ESCORTED BY CAVALRY: THE SULTAN OF JAVA.

Mr. Charles J. Glidden, who recently closed a world-tour of 25,100 miles in a Napier, was received with full State ceremony by the Sultan of Java, who was persuaded to take a ride in the traveller's car. His Highness is evidently more devoted to pomp than to horse-power, for during the drive he was escorted by cavalry, and a gold umbrella, emblem of his rank, was held over his head. The party in the Napier included the Sultan, the Sultana, and the Assistant-Resident, and, as a memento of the event, the Sultan presented Mr. Glidden with the photograph we reproduce.

is fired from the bottom, and, when well alight, steam-jets are turned on and steam allowed to pass upwards through the incandescent mass. In its upward passage the steam is decomposed and resolves itself into its component parts—hydrogen and oxygen. The hydrogen passes on, but the oxygen combines with the carbon liberated by the combustion and forms the carbon monoxide mentioned above. This gas, mingled with the hydrogen and subsequently diluted with ordinary air in a proper proportion, is drawn by the suction of the engine into the cylinders, and is there compressed and fired as is compressed carbureted air in an ordinary petrol-engine. The "Gas Works" comprise a scrubber or cleaner to cleanse and cool the gas before it passes to the engine. In view of the ultimate shortage of coal, and the by no means improbable cessation of the earth's oil-supply, the suction gas-producer will, undoubtedly, fill a gap.

A number of Members of Parliament, quite unprogressive in their way and too numerous to be named here, have addressed County Councils and bodies of less importance, drawing attention to the fact that the Motor Act of 1903 will come up for revision next year. The revision of this measure will offer all sorts of opportunities to impose harsh restrictions upon automobilism, and particularly to give Parish, Municipal, District, Urban, and County Councils plenary power to deal with automobile traffic in their respective territories. Had these bodies possessed such powers under the existing measure, what they would have done has been made fairly evident by their applications to the Local Government Board. Most ridiculous speed-limits and restrictions have been demanded, and, but for the saving common-sense of the inspectors appointed to inquire into such matters, might have been imposed.

No seaside place of importance will now esteem itself complete without its annual motor-meet; but, if the events are to fascinate the holiday public, they will have to be confined to racing-cars and

racing-cycles, or vast improvement must be made in the handicapping of touring-cars. The matter bristles with difficulties, but, placed in the hands of one man, or, at most, two men, much improvement could be effected. It frequently occurs that two or more cars of the same make will perform as differently as though of various powers, and this, obviously, the handicapper cannot take into account. But by the careful study of performances of cars and drivers, and less rigid adhesion to the scientific suggestions of bore, stroke, weight, and engine-speed, much could be done. Anyway, the finishes at Brighton and Blackpool could not be worse than they were this year, and the Automobile Club might well try the old-fashioned method of handicapping.

Blackpool is to be congratulated upon the tie for the world's record for the flying kilomètre, held by Baras, and made at Ostend over a course which, to my mind, is some two to three seconds faster than that at Lancashire's great seaside resort. Moreover, if my memory serves me, Baras, when he achieved the redoubtable performance of 21 2-5 sec., or 104½ miles per hour, had a strong following wind. In addition, the Ostend course is perfectly straight, while the stretch at Blackpool has quite a nasty bend. I regard Earp's performance on the Napier at Blackpool as superior in every way to Baras' at Ostend for the reasons named, and if the 90 horse-power Napier, with her plucky driver, was sent across to Belgium, and had luck, I think we should see quite two seconds lopped off the existing best.

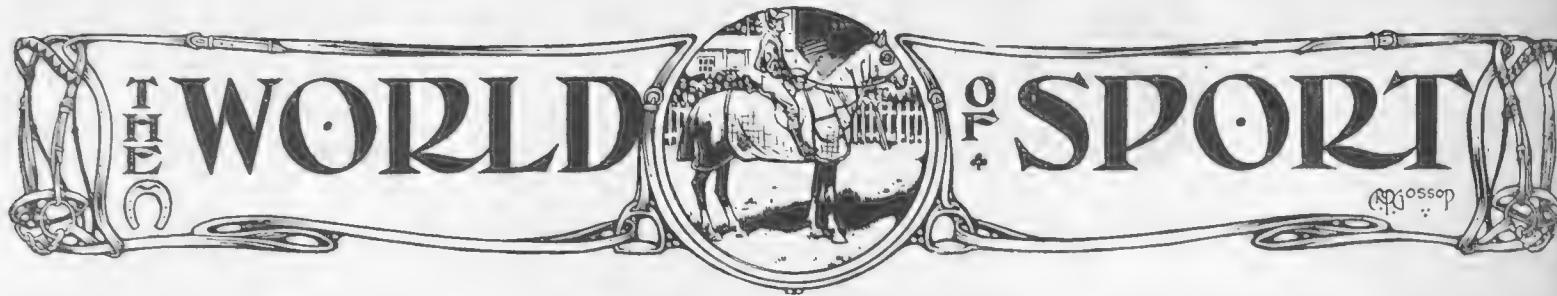
Motor camping is finding fair favour amongst motorists who desire some holiday variation. Carried out by a party of four, with two cars, the thing can be done most comfortably. In order to carry the necessary impedimenta most conveniently, it would be well to dismount the rear part of the car-body and have a deep wooden case, with waterproof-covered lid, to take its place. If sufficient camping-kit can be carried in a double-sculling gig for



AN IMPROMPTU ROYAL-BOX: KING ALFONSO CLIMBING DOWN FROM THE POINT OF VANTAGE HE OCCUPIED DURING A RECENT MOTOR RACE-MEETING IN SPAIN.

Stereograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

four *voyageurs*, then the rear platforms of two cars would afford ample stowage. A light but good-sized Gipsy-tent, with telescopic poles and ridge-pole, should be carried, together with two ground-sheets; and if the party intend a stop of more than one night or so at any one spot, a fly-sheet should be taken. Air-mattresses—those made with a pillow—can be easily carried, and make all the difference between comfort and roughing it at night.



BRIGHTON AND LEWES — NEWBURY — JOCKEYS.

FORWARD seems to be the motto of most racecourse managers just now, and, consequently, improvements are going on all round us. Even the old Brighton track has assumed a new dress which, not completed last year, is now finished off for inspection by the huge crowd that is always found on White Hawk Hill at the August meeting.

Perhaps the course itself does not attain to the ideal, but none can gainsay that, despite the luck that must attend on races when on courses like this, it is an exhilarating experience to go racing on the downs above the Queen of Watering-places. And the same applies equally to sport at Lewes. As for the racing itself, while it does not command the "outside" attention it did years back, it is not quite the pass-away-the-time sort that obtains at some of our meetings. The Brighton Cup has been altered in distance and conditions many times, but it still produces a race that provokes discussion.

This year it closed with twenty-four entries, some of them of good class. Mr. W. M. Singer has nominated Kuroki, Sir E. Vincent has Renaissance and Epicurus

THE FIRST LADY TO ASCEND MONT BLANC THIS YEAR: MISS BESSIE NORTON.

Miss Norton, who lives in London, climbed Mont Blanc under great difficulties, the journey taking altogether nine hours, five and a-half hours for the ascent and three and a-half for the descent. The speed of the return is accounted for by a good deal of sliding.

Photograph by H. Clement and Co.

engaged, and the best of the others are Lord Ellesmere's Koorhaan and Mr. Lionel Robinson's Costly Lady. Kuroki or Renaissance should win. The Rottingdean Plate may be won by Summit or Nairobi, and the Cliftonville Plate by Cythera. At Lewes, the concluding meeting of the Sussex Fortnight, will be run the new race of 3000 sovs., the Lewes Stakes, the entries, forfeits, and conditions of which occupy no fewer than six pages of "Races to Come." Silver Streak and Llangibby, who can each claim a nine-pound breeding allowance, seem to be the best of the bunch, and the latter should win. The 2000 sovs. Astley Stakes, which is now in its thirty-first year, should be won by Ulalume. In the less valuable Priory Stakes, Captain Bewicke's Peaceful Lady may be seen to advantage.



THE NEW RACECOURSE AT NEWBURY, SHOWING THE ROYAL BOX (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND THE STANDS.

The first meeting of the new racecourse at Newbury is to be held on the 26th of next month, and should be popular if good management counts for anything. The track has a dead straight mile with a slight "switchback" towards the finish, and on the round course the turns are quite gradual.

As a personal inspection is better than taking things on hearsay, I went down to the new Newbury course the other day to see what sort of a place it was. Somehow, I was always unconsciously thinking of Northampton as I walked round course and stands, for this very up-to-date racecourse has risen out of the ashes of the old meeting so dear to the cobblers. With all its drawbacks, and they were many, there are people who were sorry to see Northampton go by the board; but in its later days it was an "impossible" meeting, and after a visit to Newbury no one, I feel sure, would wish to go back to the old order. The stands are well-arranged and commodious, and a good view of the racing can be had from all points. The paddock is a large one, and when the decorative scheme is complete it will be found to be one of the prettiest in England. The straight ride is thirty-five yards wide, with slight gradients, and the turf both on this and the round course has been specially laid. The first meeting takes place on Sept. 26 and 27, and three fixtures have been granted for next year. Newbury should be a prosperous concern, and towards that desirable end no one will work harder than John Porter, who has a very considerable interest in it. Its prosperity depends to a large extent on the Great Western, but that this very up-to-date railway will not be found lacking I'll be bound.

The extraordinary run of luck enjoyed by W. Elsey's stable during the first month or two of the season sent

Wheatley with a rush to the head of the winning jockeys' list, and

there he has remained ever since. It may be accepted that, although a young jockey may be clever, it is rare that he rises very high in the winning-list without some assistance from what is known as "luck." Wheatley is no better a rider now than he was last year, when he was a very capable workman indeed. Yet to-day he stands ahead of Madden and Maher. Another excellent jockey who finds himself high and lifted up is Higgs, of whose ability I wrote last season. The only difference between then and now is that then he lacked opportunity.

Taking the other side of the picture, Madden has lost none of his ability in the saddle, yet he has, for a reason that is hard to discover, failed to hit the mark so many times this year as he used to in previous seasons. Success brings patronage, so that Madden will have to do something quite out of the common if he is to catch Wheatley, who will command plenty of good mounts the country over to the end of the year.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE FIRST LADY TO ASCEND MONT BLANC THIS YEAR: MISS BESSIE NORTON IN HER ALPINE HELMET.

The cold during Miss Norton's climb was so intense that the breath froze inside her helmet, and one of the gentlemen of the party had icicles two inches long hanging to his moustaches. The party was guided by Jules Balmat, a descendant of the great Jacques Balmat who made the first ascent of Mont Blanc. Jules Balmat has been to the summit of the mountain fifty-three times.

Photograph by H. Clement and Co.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHILE all the world at home and abroad, or, at least, that part of the world *qui s'amuse*, is on holiday pleasures intent, it may well be remembered that by far the larger proportion of humanity is kept to the daily treadmill of unending work for want of a little money to make change of air and scene possible. "The cry of the children" goes up eternally from the baking pavements and fetid alleys of great cities, and the worn-out woman worker, the struggling bread-winner, are ever demanding the pity and the helping hand of well-endowed others. How hard and niggardly many of the rich are, only those who try to wring from them a pittance for the poor know. Actually did one hear an extremely well-bestowed friend, in trying to evade the loosing of a purse-string, say quite recently that slum-children did not enjoy their annual holiday when provided, being unaccustomed to new sounds and sights. She, in fact, seriously contended that they preferred the familiar streets of the East-End to the sky and sea and the sweetness of God's green country. Could hardness of heart farther go than this? Of course, one thankfully recognises that there are many kind folk whose pleasure is found in conferring happiness on others less fortunately placed. Still, it is difficult for the rich to realise poverty, since it so rarely comes into their experiences, and on this account much, very much, remains undone from sheer want of knowledge. Perhaps of all classes the most to be pitied are those who have known better days and have fallen on evil ones. Incredible are the sufferings of the well-born poor—few and far between are those who can even guess at them. Especially pathetic is the lot of gently bred women

highway. She truly says that "Many men and women of refinement of mind and heart are being slowly starved to death while former acquaintances are forgetful or unthinking." The smallest sums are of immense value and assistance, and if everyone would only give a little out of their abundance what happiness would diffuse itself over the declining years of many! If, therefore, any of my readers will



A HANDSOME CLOAK.

[Copyright.]



[Copyright.]

A CHIC COSTUME.

despatch any donation, however small, to Miss Faithfull, The Institute, 20, Great Portland Street, or to the Hanover Square branch of the London and County Bank, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that a great and good though hidden cause has been served and some sweetness shed on the clouded days of at least one hapless fellow-being.

Decidedly the only place to find coolness and in which to keep cool is the seaside at the present grilling season. The country is all very well, but one wants to live on a hill-top if comfort between mid-day and dinner-time is desired, while at the sea there is always the welcome breeze, not to add the refreshing possibilities of the morning bathe. The watering-places of Northern France, from Dinard to Etretat, are crammed to their last room at present, English and Americans being as numerous as natives, so the plage in the morning, and the golf-links in the *après-midi*, and the gay little Casino at night offer a polyglot of tongues and a variety of costumes of which certain other inexpressibly respectable but excessively uninteresting, not to add extraordinarily expensive, resorts are entirely innocent.

Dieppe, as usual, is in high favour with golfers, bathers, and punters. High play is already in progress at the Baccarat Club, where costumes of the most astonishing nature contend for notice with the courageous demeanour of their wearers, who tempt Fortune night after night with astonishing perseverance and uncertain results. One *habituel* is said to have won a thousand pounds in two nights this week. The theatrical contingent is very noticeable, Miss Marie Tempest, with her son and husband, being much in evidence;

who find themselves old and poor in an uninterested world. All honour, therefore, to the faithful few who champion these forlorn hopes and try to alleviate the melancholy lot of those who are too proud, as well as too broken in spirit, to plead for themselves. Miss Emily Faithfull has, perhaps, done more than anyone in this country to bring succour and comfort to these poor derelicts on life's hurrying

Miss Eva Moore and her husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, also, with others yet to follow. In the matter of frocks, all kinds of dainty mouselines, cambrics, and the thinner sorts of linen, elaborately embroidered and lace-trimmed, are to be seen in bewildering profusion. Apparently simple as these frocks appear to the masculine eye, many hundreds of francs go to meet their cost, as expensive daintiness is the key-note of all present Parisian fashions. At night embellishment is more pronounced and expense more apparent, many of the crêpe-de-Chine and silk mouseline gowns being encrusted with real lace and fine embroidery. Sequins and glittering adornments of all sorts have given way to the less obtrusive dentelle. On most dresses an incredible amount of work seems to be expended, and the proverbial patience and highly finished effects of dainty French fingers are more apparent than ever. The prices of these "confections and creations" necessarily keep pace with their intrinsic worth, so that a thousand francs for a filmy-looking garment of exquisite manipulation and material is not an uncommon price to ask. But then, again, what will you? —as a couturière of renown remarked at Monte Carlo last March. "We work with our fingers and our brains, not with machinery, and for these one must pay, look you." And, judging from that good lady's prices, people did indeed look, more especially husbands who had to foot the bill, one supposes.

For country wearables, women seem to affect the long three-quarter tailor-made coat over a walking-length skirt—not too short, be it understood, or the very long coat makes it look ridiculous. The "August silence" of the woods is very noticeable already, and not a bird does one hear in miles of the country, except, perhaps, a belated yellow-hammer in the corner of a cornfield, or the familiar twitter of a friendly greenfinch to remind one that summer is here, though past its zenith.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERMINTRUDE (Lancaster).—I hesitate to recommend a cat's home for your pets while you are holiday-making, recent disclosures in *Truth* having shown how the funds are sometimes used and the pussies neglected; but, of course, you could always send the animals to a vet.—the only difficulty being that the vet's charges are generally rather high. However, that could be made a matter of arrangement, and you would feel your cats were properly cared for in your absence.

FROU-FROU.—It would be really better to get a bathing-costume done by your maid, as she is so clever. You could then follow your own fancy in the matter of colour and material. In the shops one usually finds a dreadful dead-level in the manner of bathing-gear. A fashionable actress has brought a grey silk to Trouville, with scarlet belt and cap and scarlet shoes, in which she looks extremely fetching. She also varies this with a black silk costume (the skirts in each case being double) trimmed with orange binding, belt and cap and shoes to match. Naturally, a smart outfit like this must be made to order. Her *peignoirs* are charming and of all colours—a pale-mauve blanketing with Capuchin hood was one, a light-green flannel, accordion-pleated, trimmed black, another.

SYBIL.

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* has been making merry at the expense of the "observation automobile" and the "expert guide" of New York. The guide, it may be said, is accompanied by printed matter which details the functions of the expert as follows: "The Expert Guide explains every point of interest (as it is passed) while you glide smoothly and quietly through this wonderfully beautiful city in ease and comfort, and when you return you know 'what's what.'" A list of buildings, etc., shown to the *Saturday's* correspondent by the guide is then given. They were as follows: House in which Jay Gould expired, brick Presbyterian Church, Millionaires' Club, residence costing 6,000,000 dollars, house built of stone imported from Germany, home of William Ziegler, Democratic Club, building in which the first passenger-elevator was operated, former home of "Boss" Tweed, highest point of Elevated Railroad, home of Henry C. Frick, home of Isaac Wormser, Tammany Hall, the saloons of the prize-fighters "Kid" McCoy and Tom Sharkey, John Wanamaker's store, a twenty-eight-storey building, residence of James B. Haggin, residence of H. McK. Twombly, home of Jacob Puppert, statue of Chester A. Arthur, residence of Elbridge T. Gerry, statue of Roscoe Conkling, site where stood Peter Stuyvesant's pear-tree, the Grand Central Railroad Station, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.



A DIAMOND PENDANT AND CHAIN PRESENTED TO LADY CRUNDALL ON THE OCCASION OF THE ADMISSION OF HER HUSBAND TO THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF DOVER.

The chain is composed of diamonds of the first water, and the pendant, which is surrounded by diamonds, is a facsimile in enamel of the old Mayoral seal.

length skirt—not too short, be it understood, or the very long coat makes it look ridiculous. The "August silence" of the woods is very noticeable already, and not a bird does one hear in miles of the country, except, perhaps, a belated yellow-hammer in the corner of a cornfield, or the familiar twitter of a friendly greenfinch to remind one that summer is here, though past its zenith.

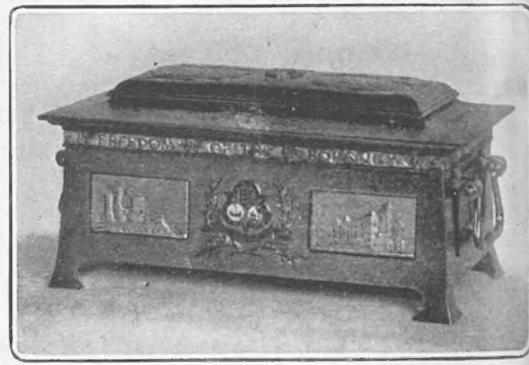
JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLANDS.

WITH the construction and opening of its great harbour at Heysham in Morecambe Bay, the Midland Railway Company has provided a new route for travellers to Ireland. That the Company is determined to make this new route popular is evident. A capital service of steamers is run in connection with the trains, and the traveller who lands at Belfast discovers in the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, which is also an acquisition of the Midland Company's, a line which carries him to many a picturesque district. To dilate upon the beauties of Ireland nowadays is unnecessary, but there can be no harm in advising those who have not witnessed them to do so without delay. During the holiday season, the Company issues cheap excursion-tickets to and from Dublin, Belfast, and London, and to places of interest in Antrim, Derry, and Donegal, and during the summer months holders of the return halves of tourist-tickets can obtain at Belfast, Antrim, Larne, Portrush, and Port Stewart cheap Contract-tickets entitling them to travel during the week between stations on the Northern Counties Railway specified on the ticket, covering about two hundred miles. The same Company, of course, offers many facilities for travellers in Great Britain, including the Isle of Man.

Mennens's Borated Talcum Toilet-powder is recommended as a preventative of sunburn and excessive perspiration, as well as a powder for general use by adults and children during the hot weather. Indeed, both for the nursery and the toilet it may be classed as invaluable. It can also be used as a tooth-powder, and is guaranteed to sweeten the breath and prevent the decay of the teeth.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit have specially arranged a section of their steel vaults for the temporary storage of gold and silver plate and other valuables during the absence of their owners for the holiday season.

The two great Epsom classic races, the Derby and Oaks for 1905, have closed with entries that are satisfactory in point of numbers and representation, seeing that Great Britain, America, and the Continent are all included in the 284 Derby and 207 Oaks entries. Some surprise was naturally expressed at the absence of M. E. Blanc's name from the original Derby list, which, it transpired, was imperfect, and the great French sportsman is represented by three Flying Fox and one Persimmon colts. The King nominates five for the Derby and three for the Oaks, thus giving the lie once and for all to what M. E. Blanc called "une mauvaise plaisanterie." Lord Rosebery is represented by four in the Derby, one of them a half-brother to Cicero by Velasquez. Other pillars of the Turf represented are: Duke of Portland and Mr. J. Musker, with eight each; Mr. W. Hall Walker, five; Duke of Devonshire, four; and Duke of Westminster, three.



THE CASKET IN WHICH THE FREEDOM OF DOVER WAS PRESENTED TO SIR WILLIAM HENRY CRUNDALL.

The casket is of solid silver, water-gilt, and enamel. It is ornamented with three finely modelled and chased views in panels, and with the Arms of the Borough of Dover and of the recipient, and it was designed and manufactured—as was the diamond pendant and chain illustrated above—by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

Whatever the fate of some of our old-established important races, the Derby and Oaks still claim plenty of patronage. What a dreadful thing it would be if either or both fell through! Perish the thought!

On Friday next the officers and men of the French and British Fleets will visit the Alhambra, the interior of which will be specially decorated for the occasion. Each of the Bluejackets will receive a silver medal from the civic authorities, who will be represented at the entertainment to be provided by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, and from the Alhambra Management a specially designed souvenir and a box of cigarettes. When the curtain falls on the ballet "L'Entente Cordiale," a non-commissioned officer of each Fleet will come upon the stage and present a bouquet to the danseuses representing the two nations, the Frenchman giving his to the representative of Great Britain, and the Briton giving his to the representative of France. At the moment of writing, some two hundred and fifty British sailors, under Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, are being specially photographed in a series of gymnastic manoeuvres on Whale Island for reproduction on the Urbanora Bioscope. On the following evening the British officers will entertain the French officers at the same theatre, the gala entertainment being repeated in its entirety.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 14.

HOLIDAYS AND BUSINESS.

TO-MORROW, Thursday, the preliminary carry-over commences in the Kaffir Market. This is the first indication of the nineteen-day account coming to an end, and, although there is nominally another week to run, the influence of the prolonged Settlement really finishes within the next few days. It may be too early yet to anticipate any revival in business, but the strength of the markets last week pointed to increased willingness on the part of the public to interest themselves in Stock Exchange concerns. Germany has apparently bought as much as she requires for the present, but the arbitrage houses which deal for Paris report an access of French buying that furnished considerable assistance to the bear purchases which hoisted prices even in the Kaffir Circus. It looks as though August were going to provide more business for the House than members anticipated.

TRUST COMPANIES.

We have asked our correspondent "Q." to write a few notes on the position and prospects of the better-known Financial Trust Companies whose securities, in the shape of debentures, Preference and Ordinary stocks, are quoted and largely dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange. So many of our readers are interested in this class of investment that "Q.'s" review of the position of the various Companies (although necessarily brief) is bound to prove of interest and profit to both the holder of the securities and the larger circle of readers who are looking for safe and remunerative investments. The first note appears below, and will be followed in our next two issues by further observations from the same hand—

FINANCIAL TRUST COMPANIES.—I.

Trust Companies' stocks are not very popular on the Stock Exchange, although less unpopular now than a few years ago, and there are, I think, two reasons for this unpopularity. The first is the fact that the past history of many of these Companies has been rather a chequered one. In a great many cases they date from the time of Argentine inflation prior to the Baring crisis and the Murieta collapse, and, their early investments having been made at boom prices, they had to be nursed through a long period of sickness and convalescence; but the well-managed Trusts have emerged all the stronger for this lesson, and are now in a much firmer position than at any previous period of their history. The second objection to Trust Companies is that there is not a very free market in these securities, the better stocks being so well held that it is often a matter of weeks before an order to buy can be executed. Considering the large amount of capital now represented by this class of Company, I think it would be a very good thing if the Trust Companies themselves could do something to improve matters in this respect. To the investor, however, this is not a very serious objection, and, as one who has been interested in a good number of them over a considerable period of time, I can truthfully say that I know no class of securities which has paid so consistently well, or which is more deserving of attention to-day. Discrimination in the choice of the right Companies to invest in is, of course, necessary, for everything in a concern of this sort depends on the knowledge, wisdom, and honesty of the directors; but, given this discrimination, an investor may place and leave his money in these stocks with more confidence in the safety of his capital and the regularity of his dividends than in any other class of securities I know of which returns a similar rate of interest.

The reason for this confidence is obvious. A Trust Company with its investments well made and judiciously spread over a wide field occupies an almost invulnerable position. For instance, I have before me the report of a typical Trust Company, and I find that 35 per cent. of its capital is invested in Great Britain, 15 per cent. in Argentina, 13 per cent. in the United States, 11 per cent. in British Colonies, 11 per cent. in other parts of South America, 6 per cent. in Mexico and Central America, 5 per cent. in Europe. It would be hard to conceive any calamity which could adversely affect securities so widely distributed. Speaking at the annual meeting of one of the smaller Trust Companies this year, Mr. Robert Fleming, the well-known expert on American stocks, remarked that there was fifty millions of British money invested in Trust Companies, and congratulated the shareholders of these Companies on their steadily increasing prosperity. He was quite justified in doing so, and in a future letter I hope to indicate the Companies which I think are most likely to maintain and improve their position.

Q.

RHODESIA AS A HOLIDAY RESORT.

To those uncertain as to where they shall spend their holidays, we would point out the pictures presented here, and ask whether anything more gorgeous in the way of scenery can be desired! The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River have been often described, but the views on this page have not, we believe, hitherto been published outside

the guide to the Falls which the British South Africa Company issues. Rhodesia as a mining proposition has led to much disappointment, but there are men in the Stock Exchange—we were chatting with one only to-day—who look to the Colony to furnish another Randt with all its untold possibilities and chances. This may, of course, be so, but we incline to the idea that the salvation of Rhodesia will be found in pastoral rather than auriferous wealth. What it can do, what it contains, are unknown to Rhodesians themselves, but the development of the country can be stayed only temporarily by shortage of labour, transport difficulties, and all the problems inseparable to a young colony of great area.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

Everyone who has stayed on the South-East coast knows the hotel, so there is no necessity to mention the name of the house where The Broker and The Jobber sat, the other day, discussing affairs, maritime, motor, and financial.

The Jobber's wife was busily engaged in removing an almost invisible speck from one of the little brass cannon that guard the approach to the old-fashioned hotel. The wife of The Broker leant far back in an easy-chair.

"Without wishing to be despondent," remarked The Broker, "I am really beginning to think I shall have to write 'Ichabod' over my clientèle."

"Bad as that?" asked The Jobber. "Oh, but hang it—"

"Tom!" cried his wife, warningly.

"Oh, I say, hang it!" retorted her better-half. "Can't a man say 'hang it' without being called to order?"

The Jobber's wife merely hummed an air from "The Spring Chicken," and looked for more specks on the cannon.

"Well, as I was saying," went on The Jobber, "hang it, business can't go on like this for ever, eh?"

"Tisn't going on, that's the condemnability—"

"Richard!" a voice said, sharply, from the depths of the easy-chair.

"It's going off, and I don't see where fresh trade will come from."

"We always talk like this in August," was the consoling answer.

"That the *Koh-I-Noor* out there? She's an old friend of mine."

The door opened, and the dignified waiter ushered a stranger into the long dining-room, the simplicity of which is one of its chief attractions.

"Aha! They told me I should find you out here, you lazy beggars," and The City Editor slapped each broad back fraternally. "Who d'you think I just met outside?"

"Do you mean, 'Whom do you think I just met?'" inquired The Jobber. "Familiarity seems to breed bad grammar."

"Oh, grammar be—! I beg those ladies' pardons. I really didn't notice them."

"They're merely our wives," explained The Broker. "And they only mind when we swear. Rather like to hear anybody else, I believe."

"Glad I didn't, all the same. Take and introduce me, you discourteous brutes! Ah, here he comes."

And in walked The Engineer, a friend with him.

"Where's your wife?" demanded The City Editor.

"Can I bring her along? She's waiting for me in that delightful old smoking-lounge."

Two minutes later there was a thoroughly merry party on the little terrace. The sea sparkled with inspiring gaiety, children's voices came joyously from the beach, the hotel's cigars are above reproach, and the ladies all wore light dresses. Each criticised the other—silently, and her husband—audibly.

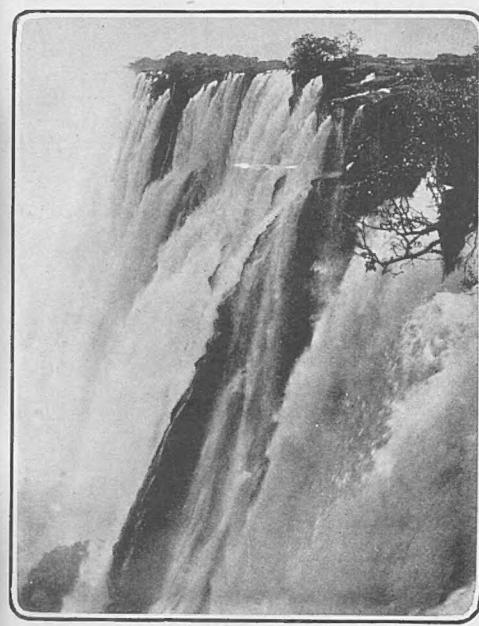
"Tom is stupid beyond words!" cried The Jobber's wife, fanning herself with his straw-hat. "He never gives me any good advice as to how to make money."

"You should read our conversations in *The Sketch*," remarked The City Editor.

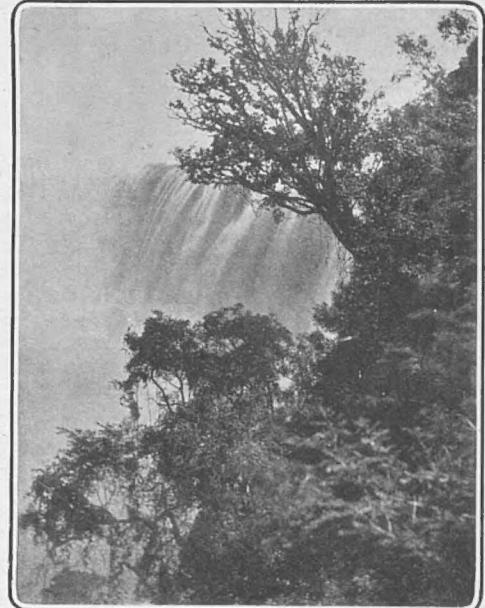
The others eyed him suspiciously.

"Oh, good heavens, no!" he replied to the unspoken question. "I couldn't write like that if I tried ever so."

"It's just as well," commented The Engineer. "I believe



VIEW OF THE VICTORIA FALLS,
ZAMBESI RIVER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

there's some idiot gets under the seat every now and then, and listens to what we say."

"Wish he wouldn't leave out my best tips," said The Broker.

"So do I," added his wife. "If ever I ask Dick how to make money, he says, 'Spend less on dress!'"

Then she regretted having spoken, because everybody took an obviously surreptitious glance at her frock.

"Isn't it right to buy Yankee Americans?" she asked The City Editor.

"Tom's always talking about the money to be made out of stealing," The Jobber's Wife put in viciously.

"Steels, my dear, Steels," corrected her husband, nearly rolling off the parapet with laughter. "United States Steel Corporation Common shares."

"It sounds rather vulgar, I think," The City Editor's wife said. "Ladies can't buy such things as Common shares."

"The Preferred will suit you better, perhaps?" The Jobber looked perfectly serious.

"There you are, ladies!" and The City Editor pointed upwards. "Steel Common and Preferred."

"Gambles," grumbled The Broker.

"So is life," The Jobber added. "How fine that schooner looks out there! What a glorious life!"

"In the summer-time; provided it happens to be fine," said The Engineer, ever practical. "No more advice for the ladies?"

"Too risky for them to sell Kaffirs, Mr. Brokie?"

"Too risky, though right," was the laconic reply.

"My paper says Mexican Railways are going to have a big rise," said The Jobber's wife, idly picking out bits of straw from her husband's headgear.

"After you with that hat," said the owner, rescuing it from her destructive fingers.

"Mexican Railway Second Preference stock has a great future," The Engineer declared.

"I love dividends, perhaps because they come like angels' visits," said one of the ladies.

"Then you mustn't buy Mexican Seconds," The Jobber told her.

"Now, Rosey Deferred would probably suit you better."

"The name sounds romantic, at all events. Half-pathetic, does it not?"

"Now, I'd never thought of it in that way before," admitted The Engineer; "but, since you mention it, there is a *suspicion* of sadness about it."

"It's going better," maintained The Jobber. "And that's what we care about."

"They tell me Talismans should be bought," said The Broker. "There's another dividend-payer for you"—and he turned to his wife.

But she had suddenly caught sight of a Punch-and-Judy show, and there was no more finance talked on that day.

Saturday, August 5, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POBREZA.—Both the Railway Deferred stocks should be kept. If you hold Mashonaland Railway Debentures of the first issue, sell them and buy those which came out this year. You would make about four points in the prices and get quite as good, if not better, security.

S. W. A.—Please see this week's Notes.

ARIEL.—We should sell all except No. 2.

TEMMES.—The name of a firm of brokers has been sent you, but we greatly doubt whether they will undertake this kind of business.

NOTE.—In consequence of the paper going to press earlier than usual, by reason of the holidays, may we claim the indulgence of readers whose letters arrived too late to be answered in this issue?

We are requested to state that dividend-warrants, in payment of the half-yearly dividend upon Preference shares in Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, were posted to shareholders on the 31st ult.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF THE THAMES.

LONDON is on the Thames again. For some years past only ignorant foreigners and unobservant tourists have ventured to make statements connecting the first city of the world with the river that is supposed to serve it. Now the announcement may pass unchallenged, and all the waterway between Westminster, where they make laws, and Greenwich, where they cook whitebait, lies at the disposal of the man who has a spare hour and threepence for which he has no serious need.

It chanced that, as I strolled along the Embankment upon a sunny Saturday morning a few days since, I saw a tender lying by one of the piers. Passengers were arriving, and I felt a wild desire to see what the river is really like. I went to the pier and explained my mood, but one who stood clad in a little brief authority declared that he did no more than pick up passengers for Aberdeen, and, if I was not prepared to go so far, I must e'en stay on shore. "But if Greenwich will serve you," he added, "just walk up to Westminster and you'll catch a boat." Then I realised that the Thames is navigable once more. I found the boat and started off.

It was no County Council boat, but something of rather venerable aspect run by a rival. There were tolerable seats in plenty, and there was a small boy who walked to and fro with halfpenny papers, oranges, apples, cakes, and chocolates. Before we had passed London Bridge on our way to "Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower," I had discovered that it is etiquette to eat when you are aboard. Everybody ate oranges, or apples, or cakes, and some horny-handed sons of toil came on board bearing savoys, what time I mused upon the exceeding calmness of Father Thames, and wondered what would have happened to the hungry company had our frail bark gone far towards the river's mouth. They would have realised that on what is vulgarly called a penny steamboat you need no more than a capful of breeze, and then—well, you cannot eat your cake and have it too.

Under the bridges the skipper's supers made a fine show of lowering the funnel, though, as a precaution, it was quite unnecessary. Our route revealed countless wharves, many of them quite idle—in fact, there was everywhere a suggestion that the ancient glories have departed from the river. There was rather more activity on the water than by the banks; tugs were busy, and we passed close enough in some instances for me to hear a varied assortment of the language used by men who take charge of tugs and barges. It suggested that the fine militant spirit has not departed from the race.

London revealed itself in a new aspect as I paced the deck, avoiding the orange-eaters and keeping one corner of an eye for the observation and admiration of a very pretty hospital-nurse who came on at the Bridge. She was—I mean, the river was quite charming; the long range of old-time buildings had a pictorial quality that made one forget the surrounding dirt; the Tower Gardens had blossomed and budded and filled that corner of East London with a freshness that was positively stimulating. There were a few great merchantmen being unloaded below the Tower Bridge, and the bustle and activity added much to the quality of the picture; but, perhaps, the greatest pleasure came from the freshness of the scene. Most of the passengers were exploring fresh country and looked out between bites at apples and oranges upon a comparatively new world. Even the very pretty nurse was impressed. "I expect," said I, in my wisdom and to myself, "she comes from Guy's Hospital and is just out for an airing. She will go to the end of the journey and then return. So will I."

So we pressed on towards Greenwich, where once again the greenery asserted itself, and one was conscious of the outskirts of Suburbia. I noticed that we were carrying quite a large company, and that the trip was elevated in most eyes to the rank and dignity of an excursion. I, too, began to realise that the Thames has beauties that may rank with those of Seine and Rhine and Danube and Tiber. On none of these rivers have I seen any attractions that could compare with the pretty nurse, and I decided that I would make a point of taking the journey regularly.

Greenwich reached, I hastened on shore and took a return-ticket. So did many other passengers. But the one passenger who mattered walked right past the ticket-office and into the street beyond.

In that moment the glamour passed from Father Thames. The sun went behind a cloud, the river became muddy and dull, the Surrey shore facing me seemed repulsively ugly, the boat grew half-a-century older in five minutes, and the gathering that attacked the fresh stores of halfpenny papers and fruit displeased me more than it knew—or cared.

I realised that the Thames, between Greenwich and Richmond at any rate, is in a bad way. It is dirty, disreputable, full of mud and barges and orange-peel. A great deal must be done before it can claim the support of enlightened citizens. It is neglected, untidy, and of forbidding aspect. It wants cleaning-up and proper attention—nursing, in fact. Now, I know, or rather, I don't know, the nurse who did the river a great deal of good on the first Saturday in June. If the L.C.C. or its rivals would engage her to take the river in hand, we should still find London on the Thames. If they don't, the river is doomed.